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FROM

J. P. Blanchard

J P Blanchard

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①

THE
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW;

OR, A

**JOURNAL OF REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
MADE ON A TOUR IN EUROPE.**

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1836.

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TO
FRANCIS BOOTT, M.D.,
of London,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

A FEW words will explain the title and purpose of these volumes. They are not offered to the public as an itinerary ; and for the sake of anything which they contain of that kind, they would not have been published. But on returning to his native country, the author felt a desire which before he had not anticipated, to offer to his countrymen some of the thoughts which the Old World had suggested to his mind concerning the New. It seemed to him that every traveller to the Old World stood on a vantage ground for surveying the institutions, customs, and character of his own country, which might entitle the results of his observation to some regard. There are many subjects of this nature, which the spectacle of the Old World will force upon the most negligent attention—such as manners, national health, amusements, churches and church establishments, the Catholic religion, the cultivation of the arts, and the many

and momentous questions in politics which are now agitating the civilized world, and which press with peculiar weight upon our own country. It was the author's first intention to collect and expand the scattered hints on these and other general topics which he found in his journal, and to publish them in a small volume of essays. But, as observation may lend weight to reflection—as the scene may impart some interest to the sentiments which it awakened—he has thought fit, instead of presenting those reflections and sentiments in an abstract form, to embody them in a general narrative of his tour.

It is only necessary to add, in order to explain the style of address which may occasionally appear in these pages, that they were written for, and sent, parcel by parcel, to his friends at home.

New-York, June, 1836.

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JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

Passage across the Atlantic—The Old World—Liverpool—Manners of Servants—Stage Coaches—Chester—Eaton Hall—North Wales—Conway—Menai Bridge—Caernarvon—Llanberis—Scenery of Wales—General remarks.

JUNE 24, 1833. Only sixteen days from New-York; and we are entering St. George's Channel. A gentle west wind took us up as we left the harbour of New-York, and has borne us all the way across the Atlantic without once frowning upon us, or once deserting us, (but for twenty hours,) and all this, with less motion of the ship than I have more than once experienced, in passing through Long Island Sound. I have been frequently reminded of the phrase which seamen often apply to it—"the great pond;" but I do not relish that familiarity with the mighty element. On the contrary, I am yet true to the landsman's feeling about

VOL. I.—B

the sea ; and it seems to me as if I had passed over some mysterious realm of undefined extent and unknown peril. Nor yet for the landsman's feeling do I propose to take any shame to myself ; in truth I would not lose it. Well do I remember how—often and often in my boyhood—I used to put my ear to the conch shell, the only object I had then seen from the ocean shore, and imagined—nay, I believed, that I heard the sound of its eternal winds and waves yet lingering in that mysterious shell. I do not believe that anything in this world, can ever give me a more awful feeling of the sublime than did that sound. And the idea that I should yet traverse that “world of waters” from which it came, involved something fearful, if not impossible, as would now the project of a passage to a distant planet.

In this all-knowing, un-wondering, matter-of-fact age, men cross the ocean, I believe, with as much indifference as they pull on their boots for a day's journey. But not so, I confess, have I crossed it, nor would I. A sense, as of some unfathomable mystery, has haunted me from day to day.

“And loose along the world of waters borne,”

is a fine line of Montgomery's, and conveys some-

thing of the vague and vast, in idea, which naturally comes over one, in such circumstances. What a strange thing is it, to step from the "sure and firm-set earth" to the unstable element—to feel that divorce from all former possessions and familiar objects, from the fields and the mountains and the solid world—to be borne on the wings of the wind, on, on, day after day, day after day, and to reach no shore—to hear, night after night, rushing by one's very pillow, the deep, dark, fathomless sea !

And yet there is a strange mixture of things too in a life at sea, and on board of one of these magnificent packets. Reality and romance react upon each other, making both more strange. We have been sailing upon the dread and boundless ocean, naturally associated with none but ideas of difficulty and danger. And yet here is a saloon,* more splendid in its cabinet-work and whole finishing than any private apartment perhaps in our native land ; here are a luxurious table and attentive servants ; here, upon that tremendous element, one wave of which, could it put forth its power, would dash us in pieces, are groups of people easy and unconcerned—some are reading, some con-

* The George Washington.

versing, some singing, some engaged in amusements—sports and games: at night all retire to their chambers in this floating palace; in the morning they meet, and greet one another at the breakfast table, as if it were a large party on a visit in the country.

The grandeur of the ocean on our first getting out of sight of land, seemed to me something greater than I had felt before—the whole circle around boundless: it was, compared with looking off from the shore, like embracing in one comprehensive act of mind, the eternity past and to come. Yet I defy anybody, not thoroughly accustomed to the sea, to feel much of its grandeur after thought, imagination, feeling, sensation, have been rocked into that indescribable state of ennui, disquiet, discomfort, and inertness which the sea often produces. No, let me look off from some headland, or out from some quiet nook of the fast-anchored earth, to feel the grandeur or to enjoy the romance of the sea.

I wonder that nobody has talked, or written, or sung, or satirized, about this horrible discomfort of a sea voyage. It is said that Cato repented only of three things during his life—"to have gone by sea, when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive, and to have told a secret to his wife."

I will not discuss the other points with the old stoic, but with the first I certainly have the most perfect sympathy. It is not seasickness; I have had none of it; but it is a sickness of the sea, which has never, that I know, been described. It is a tremendous ennui, a complete inaptitude to all enjoyment, a total inability to be pleased with anything. Nothing is agreeable—neither eating nor drinking, nor walking nor talking, nor reading nor writing, nor even is going to sleep an agreeable process, and waking is perfect misery. I am speaking of my own experience, it is true, and others find a happier fortune upon the sea; but, I believe that it is the experience of a *class*, not much less unhappy than the most miserable victims of seasickness.

JUNE 25. We are sailing slowly up St. George's Channel. It really almost requires an act of faith, to feel that in sixteen days we have reached the Old World; that yonder is the coast of Ireland, and there, on the right, is Snowdon in Wales. As we move on silently, borne along by an invisible power, it seems as if this were a spectre ship; and the surrounding objects, a dream. The stillness and mystery of expectation come over one's mind like a spell—for this, indeed, is the mighty gateway to the Old World, and the misty

curtain before us is about to burst asunder, and to turn the visions of a whole previous life into reality! If I were approaching the coast of Kamtschatka or New Holland, it would be a different thing; it would be comparatively a commonplace occurrence; but here is the birthplace of my language, of my mind's nurture—the world where my thoughts have lived, my fatherland—and yet strange and mysterious as if it were the land of some pre-existent being!

The Old World!—my childhood's dream—my boyhood's wonder—my youth's study—I have read of the wars of grim old kings and barons, as if they were the wars of titans and giants—but now it is reality; for I see the very soil they trod. They come again over those hills and mountains—they fight again—they bleed, they die, they vanish from the earth. Yet other crowds come—the struggling generations pass before me; and antiquity is a presence and a power. It has a "local habitation." Its clouded tabernacle is peopled with life. Who says that the earth is cold and dead? It is written all over—its whole broad surface, every travelled path, every wave of ocean—with the story of human affections. Warm, eager life—the life of breathing generations, is folded in its mighty bosom, and sleeps there,

but is not dead! Oh! world! world! what hast thou been through the long ages that have gone before us? Ay, what hast thou been? In this vast domain of old time before me, every human heart has been a world of living affections. Every soul that has lived has taken the experience of life; new and fresh, singly and alone, as if no other had ever felt it. Not in palaces only, but in the cottage, has the whole mighty problem of this wonderful humanity been wrought out. Sighings, and tears, and rejoicings, birthday gladness, and bridal joy, and clouding griefs, and death, have been in every dwelling. Gay throngs of youth have entered in, and funereal trains have come forth, at every door. Through millions of hearts on these very shores, has swept the whole mighty procession of human passions. How has it already lengthened out almost to eternity, the brief expanse of time!

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 26. On approaching the higher latitudes, one of the most remarkable things that drew my attention, was the extreme shortness of the nights. It is not quite two hours from the end of the evening twilight to the first dawn of the morning. The sun sets, I think, at about half-past eight o'clock, and rises at half-past three in the morning. A gentleman on board said that he had read in

England, by twilight, at ten o'clock in the evening without difficulty.

In sailing up the Mersey, I was struck with the aspect of the fields on the bank, particularly with the various shades of green. Most of them were lighter and brighter than are usually seen in America ; the deep green of our fields I could hardly find—which to be sure, I think, nothing could replace. But this may be peculiar to the banks of the Mersey. If it is common in England, I shall conclude that the incessant rains, of which one is now dropping from the willing clouds, have produced one effect upon English scenery, which I have never heard anything of in the books of travels.

The next thing to attract the attention of the stranger in ascending the Mersey, is—the glory of Liverpool—its docks. They wall up the river on the Liverpool side, with a solid mass of masonry (hammered freestone) thirty, forty, and, in some places, fifty feet from the foundation. The wall at top appears almost wide enough for a carriage way. The basins within are filled with ships, whose tangled masts and yards gird the town on that side with a mimic forest.

The bells have rung three chimes to-day, in

compliment to the anniversary of the king's coming to the throne. In our country, it would have been the discharge of cannon. But I prefer the merry bells. What a singular language of rejoicing is the thunder of those death-dealing engines! I suppose it is the noise that recommends this method; just as a barbarian king gets a great drum, or gong, to make a great noise, because he knows of no other way of testifying joy. How much fitter would it be, on a birthday anniversary, to have a band of musicians pass through the streets and in the public places, playing appropriate airs, martial or patriotic!

The thing I admired most in Liverpool was the new cemetery, with the chapel for the burial service. It was formerly a quarry of freestone; and was dug to the depth of a hundred feet I should think, so that it is quite retired and secluded, though streets and houses are around it. The chapel is on the elevated ground at the entrance, level with the street; and not far distant, is the parsonage or rectory occupied by the officiating clergyman, who enjoys a handsome salary from the board of aldermen.

The brick of which the city is mostly built, is of the ugliest description, resembling what we call fire brick, and is besides so begrimed with smoke,

that the city presents a very dingy and dismal appearance.

One of the first things that strikes the American stranger as he lands on the shores of the Old World, is the attention and deference he receives from those classes of the people whose business it is to minister to his comfort—from innkeepers, proprietors, and drivers of coaches, waiters, porters, &c., servants of all descriptions—from those, in short, the breath of whose life is in the civility of their manners. It is a strong bond for civil behaviour doubtless, this necessity of getting a livelihood, and especially in countries where a livelihood is hard to come by; and it *may* cause civility to degenerate in servility: still were it not to be wished that something of the *manner* at least could be learned in *our* country? Not that any class among us should entertain a sense of its relation to any other class, that would be degrading to it; the very contrary. There is nothing that is more incompatible with a just self-respect, than the manners of a churl. No man really respects himself who is guilty of discourtesy to others. The waiter who brings me my dinner, and stands behind my chair while I eat it, very commonly shows in his frank and easy bearing, as much self-respect as I myself can feel. And the coachman who, when I ask him to give

me a seat on the box with him, touches his hat as he answers, seems to me a far more respectable person than the stage driver of our country, who often answers with a surly indifference, as if he did not care whether you sat there, or sat anywhere at all. Both the coachman and the waiter are looking to you for a gratuity, it is true, in payment for their attentions. But it is a fair compact ; and degrading to neither party. And for my part, I am as willing to pay for civility as for my dinner. One would like to buy not only his dinner, but some reasonable chance of digesting it ; and that is hard to do when one has to digest slovenliness, negligence, and ill manners besides.

CHESTER, JULY 2. It is so cold to-day, that I have ridden with a surtout and India-rubber great-coat over it, and have been scarcely comfortable. To be sure, it was on the outside of the coach—the only side, for my part, that I ever wish to see. The hand of prescription is heavy upon many things in England, small as well as great ; they do here as their fathers did, in far more respects than we do. At least this is the only reason I can see, why they build in the centre of the coach a small, confined, dark box, with the curtains obstinately fastened down, and cushioned indeed, so that they are never rolled up even in the hottest day of summer ; and in

addition to this inconvenience, the only chance of seeing the country is a loophole view through the window.

There are few sensations more agreeable—I believe I am nearly repeating Johnson—than those with which one sets off on an excursion of a fine morning, seated on the top of an English stage coach; the horses clothed in plated harness, furnished to the brightness of gold; the guard, seated on the back part of the coach, taking all care of baggage off your hands, and at the same time regaling your ears with a lively strain of music from his bugle; and the coachman—truly he deserves a separate paragraph. No mortal charioteer ever gave one such a sense of security—such a well-fed, well-dressed, respectable-looking person is he, as he steps forth, amid attendant lackeys and horse-boys, in his drab breeches, white-topped boots, and with the long and graceful whip in his gloved hand—but above all, a person of such corporeal weight and substance, of such a massive and compact frame, that as he takes his seat on the coach box, you fancy him saying to all obstacles and dangers,

“Come on, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

Chester is an ancient town, with marks of an-

tiquity in every structure and stone. The streets are channelled out of the freestone foundation rock. This makes the basement story ; which is mostly used for shops. The first story above this retreats back from the street, leaving a planked sidewalk, of six or eight feet wide, while the second story again comes forward to the line of the street, thus making a covered walk over the whole town. These recesses or piazzas are full, everywhere, of queer-looking little booths, or shops, not bigger than a nutshell. The town itself looks as if it were made for "hide and go seek," or something worse—full of corners and crannies, of a most suspicious appearance—full of narrow passages and blind alleys, leading away into darkness and obscurity.

A fine walk on the walls that surround the old town. I went to the tower on the wall, from which it is said that Charles I. beheld the rout of his army on Rowton Moor. I ascended those steps, which I imagined he went up that day, with eager and anxious hope, and which he came down, doubtless disappointed, dispirited, and foreboding evil ; for this was a dark hour in the history of that unhappy monarch's fortunes. But how inconceivable it is, that a man, with his blood not frozen in his veins, could stand upon a wall and see his own

battle fought out, beneath his very eye !—himself an idle spectator !

I am not conversant with antiquities, but there seems to be evidence that Chester was anciently a Roman station. Indeed, I believe the philologists derive the name of Chester from the Latin *castra*, a camp. It is said that there are remains of a Roman bath to be found in a cellar here ; and a Roman altar was discovered near a fountain in this vicinity, in 1821. It now stands in Lord Grosvenor's grounds, at Eaton Hall, raised on a platform of marble, taken from one of the palaces of Tiberius at Capri : so far westward did the wing of the Roman eagle stretch. This altar might have been erected to the god Terminus ; but it is dedicated to the nymphs and fountains—for thus runs the inscription :—

Nymphis

et

Fontibus

Leg. XX.

V. V.

I shall not undertake any minute description of this estate and seat of Lord Grosvenor. But conceive of a sort of township of land fifteen or twenty miles in circumference, under the most perfect cultivation, and laid out in the beautiful style of

English country-grounds—broad lawns intersected by smooth roads and gravelled walks, with noble clumps and winding belts, and majestic avenues of trees in every direction—the gardens and ornamental grounds alone employing sixty or seventy men the year round; conceive of an immense Gothic building of hammered freestone in the centre of this domain, spreading four hundred and twenty-five feet—about twenty-six rods—in front; enter this building and survey the magnificent apartments, some of them fifty feet long and thirty-five feet in height, with gilded ceilings and painted windows, and filled with gorgeous furniture of every description; visit the chapel, large enough to accommodate a small congregation, and where daily prayers are said, during the residence of the family; go to the stables and outhouses—a little village by themselves; and then pass through the garden, filled with hothouses and conservatories, enriched with rare plants, blooming with flowers, and laden with fruits enough to supply a village; and then take into the account, that this is but one of the seats of its wealthy owner, and you may have some idea of the princely state of Lord Grosvenor.

From the moment that you set your foot on this magnificent domain, everything reminds you that

you have come within the fairy circle of wealth and taste, elegance and luxury. You enter, by a pretty Gothic lodge, two or three miles from the castle. You are borne on, upon a smooth and winding road, with not one pebble to jar your carriage wheel: the edge of it as accurately defined by the bordering, smooth-shaven greensward, as if the thing were done with scissors; a fine belt of trees accompanying it on either side, at the distance of twenty or thirty feet, and only interrupted here and there, to open to you the view of an almost boundless lawn, covered with herds of cattle and deer. When I was going through the garden, the immense quantity of fruit led me to ask the gardener who accompanied me, what was done with it; "for," I said, "you cannot possibly eat it, at the castle; do you sell it, then?" The man drew himself up, and said, "Oh! no, sir, nothing is sold from this garden." "Well, then," I said, "what is done with it?" "It is sent in presents to my lord's tenants," was the reply. A very pleasant way, doubtless, for my lord to make himself agreeable to his tenants! There must be something good and grateful in a relation that leads to acts of kindness like this. And the corresponding deference and gratitude of the tenantry may doubtless, in a certain state of society, have their uses, and proprie-

ties, and beauties. But is there no danger of servility on the one hand or of tyranny on the other? And do not fixed conditions like these of lord and tenant necessarily tend to prevent, in the lower classes, the fair expansion of character? I certainly do not believe in the expediency of such a state of social relations; and yet, when I have seen those in our country—they are not the many—whom *fee simple* and freedom have taught to respect nothing, but their own importance, I have thought it had been better for them to have been tenants of an English landlord. If men will not reverence anything higher, then let them reverence a Lord Grosvenor!

BANGOR, JULY 3, 1833. On the road to Bangor are Holywell and St. Asaphs, not remarkable except as all these Welsh towns seem to me remarkable for ugliness; built without any order; the streets narrow; scarcely any sidewalks; the houses mostly small, dingy, brick buildings; and yet, every now and then, is seen some singular, picturesque-looking house, with its walls covered with ivy or vines, and with shrubs, roses, &c., about the door and in the windows—redeeming features in the scene, and indications of that diversity of provisions for the gratification of taste, which is so much more striking in the Old World

than in ours, and of tastes too that rise above physical wants.

But Conway is really worth seeing. It is an old walled town—the wall still standing, with twenty-four circular towers in very good preservation. The castle of Edward I., in ruins, flanked by four immense round towers, is a sublime object. This castle, which also “frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,” brought to mind Gray’s ode, where the ghosts of the ancient Welsh harpers are represented as hurling down anathemas upon the “ruthless king.” Time has executed the anathema upon the building itself, for the grass is growing upon the tops of the towers.

THE MENAI BRIDGE. Who could ever have thought of calling a *bridge* sublime? And yet that is actually the impression made by the Menai Bridge. It is very different, to be sure, from the sublimity of castles or cathedrals; it never, perhaps, can have the sublime of association—a battle, indeed, might give it; but this structure has a grandeur of its own. It bestrides an arm of the sea—connecting Anglesea with the mainland. It is a hundred feet from the water. The part suspended is 550 feet in length. The arches and towers are masses of masonry as stupendous as the Roman aqueducts.

The sole material of the part suspended is iron. As I approached it—it was towards evening—I could see nothing but the towers. And when you distinguish the fine delicate tracery of the iron chains and supporters, it seems as if it were nothing but gauze or cobweb, compared with the mighty masses of masonry on which it rests. The vehicles travelling over it look as if they were suspended in the air. I went down to the shore below, and as I looked up, it seemed to span a whole third part of the heavens. A celebrated lady, (since dead,*) in speaking of this stupendous work, said that she first saw it from the Isle of Anglesea, so that it was relieved against the lofty mountains of North Wales; and she added in a strain of eloquent and poetical comparison familiar to her, that “Snowdon seemed to her a fit background for the Menai Bridge.”

JULY 4. To-day I made an excursion down to Caernarvon, through the pass of Llanberis, to Capel Curig (Kerrig) and back again to Bangor, and on to Holyhead.

At Caernarvon is another old castle of Edward I. in ruins: the town too, like Conway, is surrounded by a wall with towers. The walls of the castle

* Mrs. Hemans.

are very thick, in some places ten feet. I should judge the space enclosed must be 1500 by 150 feet. There are several huge towers, one of which I ascended to the top: the stone steps much worn. It consisted of two walls, with narrow, dark passages all around between them. On the inner wall, abutments on which the beams and floors of the successive stories were supported, were evident: and also the fireplaces. An anteroom to one of these central apartments, (about twelve by seven feet,) was pointed out as the birthplace of Edward's son, the first Prince of Wales. It was thus, as history says, and Welsh tradition still holds, that Edward I. claimed the promise which he had obtained of these intractable mountaineers, that they would submit to a native-born prince.

This is indeed a place in which to muse and moralize. Who can look upon the humblest hearthstone of a ruinous and deserted cottage, such as I have sometimes seen, even in our own country—our only ruins—without reading on it a whole history of human affections? The hearthstone seems everywhere like a tablet of the heart. But here kings and nobles have come, with the tramp of horses, and the blast of trumpets, and the ringing of armour. Here proud men have bid defiance, and brave men have died. Here fair women

have mingled in feast and song, or started and turned pale, at the summons of the besieger's horn. And now all is silent and desolate. Grass overgrows the courtyard, and waves from the tops of the walls and towers. The birds build nests in these turrets, and chirp about them as if they were grand old places for aviaries; and the visiter comes, not to feast, but to meditate. What different scenes have passed here! what thoughts have been revolved, around these lonely, deserted, and scarce discerned firesides! what affections have here kindled and glowed, and withered and faded away! what footsteps have been upon these rough stairs! Enough! they have been the footsteps of *men*! Light and joyous hearts had they borne, though they had not been the hearts of princes. And heavy hearts had they borne, though they had not been carried wounded and bleeding from the battle-strife.

Everything about this old castle shows the purpose for which, mainly, it was constructed; small apertures, rather than windows, out of which arrows or other missives could be thrown, and opening inward to a space in the wall large enough for a warder to stand; three or four narrow loopholes on each side of the great gate of entrance, for the purpose of reconnoitering those who ap-

proached ; and, inside of the gate, the groove in which the portcullis slid up and down.

I am satisfied that in order to gain any approach to an idea of these things without seeing them, one must not be content with barely reading the description, but must lay down the measurement upon some familiar spot. For instance, the walls of this castle, I judged, from a rough measurement, to be two hundred rods in circuit ; and they are nearly eight feet thick, and perhaps thirty feet high ; and the principal tower may be ninety or one hundred feet high and fifty feet in diameter. So of the Menai Bridge, or of Eaton Hall. I am sure I got a far more impressive idea of Niagara falls, and probably far more just, by laying it down on a landscape three quarters of a mile in extent, and then conceiving a precipice of one hundred and sixty feet in height, and an ocean pouring over it.

Except the sublimest, I suppose that every description of mountain scenery is to be found in Wales ; unless it be, also, the contrast of hills and mountains to the perfect levels of our New-England intervals and river banks—like which I have seen nothing. The pass of Llanberis and the road from Capel Curig are almost level, while the wildest mountains rise almost from the very roadside, on either hand. There is every variety of form—steep, swelling, bald, shaggy ; massy and pointed

tops; sides sometimes ploughed by the mountain streams and sometimes only seamed by the trickling rills: while around their eternal battlements and turrets, the light mist floated, every moment varying its shapes, now unveiling some stupendous ledge or crag, and then shrouding it in thick darkness. The pass of Llanberis is part of the Snowdon range; but old Snowdon himself was all day enveloped entirely in clouds.

I observed one curious effect of wind in this pass. As I was walking along the road where it is cut out of a ledge of rock, and leaves a deep defile below, I heard a noise on the lower side, as of a rushing stream chafing its base. I stepped to the wall at the roadside, and perceived that it was, not water, but wind—a mountain gust so powerful, that it was necessary to hold on my hat as I leaned over. I stepped back but four feet, and all was quiet—the air was still. I repeated the experiment several times, with the same result.

For another description of scenery in Wales, imagine something like the following: A deep dingle, sinking almost beneath you, at the roadside, with a little lane winding down through hawthorn hedges to one or two cottages half covered with ivy and overshadowed with trees; just beyond, rising and boldly swelling up from the chasm below, a noble sweep of hills, cultivated to the very

top, yet not bare and naked as it probably would be in America—cultivated and rich, but studded with beautiful clumps of trees; a ploughed field sweeping gracefully around a little grove; a pasture dotted over with noble oaks; the fences on all sides verdant hedges, not always well clipped to be sure, but beautiful in the distance, &c. Now, if you will introduce on the other side, ragged, bold, precipitous mountains, like those of the pass of Llanberis, with goats far up among the steepest ledges, quietly cropping the grass that springs among the rocks, or sleeping on their very brink, you will have a *panorama* of the scenery of North Wales.

GENERAL REMARKS. The houses (always of stone or brick, by-the-by) are commonly low, miserable habitations. I went into several—those of the cottagers and small farmers I mean—and I never saw a wooden floor upon any of them. They were paved with stone; or more commonly not even that accommodation was afforded. The women I thought handsomer than those of England—I speak of the common people—the faces not so bold, marked, and prominent, indeed not enough so, but more delicate. This provincial or national difference of countenances is certainly very curious. I perceived it as soon as I was in Wales.

CHAPTER II.

Dublin—Architecture of Cities—Beggars—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Mrs. Hemans—Drogheda—Irish Cottages—Peat bogs—Belfast—Scenery and People of the North of Ireland—Carrick-a-Rede—Giants' Causeway—Castle of Dunluce—Steamer to Glasgow.

DUBLIN, JULY 5, 1833. I am glad to get a pleasant impression of any spot in Ireland; Dublin is a fine city. It resembles Philadelphia in two respects—its regular ranges of buildings, and its fine open squares. What a pity it is, that cities, or at least streets in cities, could not, like single edifices, be built upon some regular and well-considered plan! Not that the result should be such regularity as is seen in Philadelphia or Dublin; the plan, indeed, would embrace irregularity. But there might be an arrangement, by which a block of buildings, a street, or, indeed, a whole city might stand before us as one grand piece of architecture. If single specimens of architecture have the effect to improve, humanize, and elevate the ideas of a people, if they are a language, and answer

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a purpose kindred to that of literature, poetry, and painting, why may not a whole city have this effect? To secure this result, there must, I am afraid, be a power like that of the Autocrat of Russia, who, I am told, when a house is built, in his royal city of St. Petersburg, which does not conform to his general plan, sends word to the owner, that he must remove that building and put up another of a certain description. But as we have not, and will not have, any such power exercised among us, I suppose we must have such cities as Boston and New-York, such streets as Broadway: which is a sort of language, too, which sets forth visibly, in stone and mortar, what is the spirit that reigns in our country—the very personification of the principle of individuality—where every one builds to please himself, and pleases to build differently from his neighbour—usually a little *higher*. It is a principle that spoils a city; that it will *make a people*, is the reflection in which we must find our comfort.

But to return. Dublin is, indeed, a fine city, and filled with noble mansions and showy equipages; but alas! all is marred by this dismal looking population; full half that I meet in the streets, very shabbily dressed; many in rags; the boys would collect in America, and the very dogs would bark,

at spectacles that pass me every moment; men and women on every side begging; women with children in their arms, imploring charity for God's sake; yes, innocent childhood is here involved in the common mass of misery, and that is the hardest of it to the spectator. Indeed, I have seldom seen anything more striking or touching than a child, sleeping in its mother's arms amid all this surrounding turmoil and distress. It is actually picturesque, if one may say so: the image of repose amid noise and turbulence; innocence amid vice and wretchedness; unconscious ease on the bosom of suffering; helplessness imploring even more pathetically than the wan and haggard features of maternal solicitude. No doubt, there is a good deal of acting in this system of beggary. For instance, I saw a little girl, last evening, seated on the curbstone of the sidewalk, and holding in her arms a sleeping infant—but holding a candle at the same time so as to exhibit the infant to the best advantage. This is going on the stage pretty early. What the receipts were I do not know, but they doubtless expected to be repaid the outlay of lights and wardrobe, and something more.

It is a comfortable reflection which I have often had occasion to make, that Providence does, after all, dispense many blessings, which neither the

pride nor improvidence of man can destroy. The children of the poor sleep as sound and are as merry, probably, as the children of the rich. And perhaps, after all, these splendid equipages that are passing on every side, bear as many heavy and aching hearts, as lean against the steps and balustrades by the wayside.

Everything is done here to get money. For instance, the scene in the street before the windows of my hotel, last evening, presented the two following specimens. First, a man with a hand organ struck up, and a woman and child, (his wife and daughter probably,) after carefully laying down their bonnets and shawls, commenced dancing in the street, and after a variety of evolutions, they went around to the spectators to collect as many pence as they could. Next came a man with a flute, and a child apparently four or five years old was set to dancing upon stilts five feet high.

SUNDAY, P. M. This afternoon I have heard the finest church music by far, that I ever listened to; and the only performers were a man and two boys. It was at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The organ is the richest I ever heard. As to the ages of the children, the one of them might be ten, and the other twelve or thirteen years old. Their voices were so completely formed that I supposed, for some

time, that women were singing, and at the same time peculiarly soft, with none of that shrillness which is apt to be the fault in a woman's voice. The man's voice was a perfect organ. Amid the deepest notes of the organ, I heard it as distinctly as the diapason itself. The greatest ease characterized the whole performance, as it always does the highest music. The sermon was very well; the reading execrably bad. The prayers were sung forth in a kind of recitative tone peculiar to the cathedral worship of the church of England; for it falls short in the tone of song of that which is used in the Jewish and Romish rituals. The service held as it was in this ancient building, beneath high Gothic arches, surrounded by ancient marble tombs and statues, by galleries of every fashion, and carved work curious and antique, with banners over head, and helmets and swords hung on the walls—the service, I say, in such circumstances, seemed as if it ought to be held by no common people—but by the high born and high bred—by renowned knights, or heroes going forth to battle for their country.

After attending upon the service at the Cathedral, I passed the evening with Mrs. Hemans. The conversation naturally turned upon the scene I had just left, and her part in it was sustained with

the utmost poetical enthusiasm. She spoke of the various accompaniments of the service, and when she came to the banners, she said, "they seemed to wave as the music of the anthem rose to the lofty arches." I ventured here to throw in a little dash of prose—saying that I was afraid that they did not *wave*; that I wished they might, and looked up to see if they did, but could not see it. "No," she replied with vivacity, "wave is not the word—but they thrilled—I am sure of that." And *that*, it is very likely, something short of "the vision divine" might see. Such vision, however, this lady undoubtedly possesses. She has the genuine *afflatus*, and those who think its breathings too measured and monotonous, do not consider or read her poetry in the right way. There is nothing dramatic or epic in her best poetry; it is essentially lyrical. And those who attempt to read it by the volume, as much mistake, as if they should undertake to read a book of hymns, or the Psalms of David in that way. In her own chosen walk, Mrs. Hemans has few competitors in Britain, and no equal; and so long as solemn cathedrals, and ancestral halls, and lowly homes remain in England, her song will not die away.

JULY 8. I have experienced to-day my first travellers' vexation. I had fallen in with a couple

of travellers in Wales, and we had agreed to go in company to the Giants' Causeway. We had taken our passage to Belfast, for this morning, and when the coach drove up to the door of our hotel, it was so overloaded that we would not go in it. It was amusing to see the national characteristics of my companions on this occasion. The Englishman was all pride, and wrath, and decision. "I will not go in this coach!" was his reply to the apologetic coachman—"and I will be sent on! or I will apply to a magistrate and see if there is any law in Ireland." The Frenchman appeared not a little like a *subject* under a galvanic battery; he shook his fist, and his elbows twitched, and he stammered and stuttered—saying I know not what—for I was too much amused with the muscular contractions, to take notice of anything else. The American—videlicet myself—was very calm on the occasion, and this *calmness* is said to be our national trait of manner. I understand this last observation, however, to apply only to the case of an affray or dispute.

TO BELFAST, JULY 9. The most remarkable town on this route is Drogheda, with a population of 25,000, and yet looking like a population of mendicants; scarcely a well-dressed man or woman in the thronged streets; but decrepitude, disease,

beggary, rags, presenting themselves everywhere in frightful masses. It is almost entirely a city of mud-walled cottages, and thatched roofs; and altogether a spectacle, so entirely unlike anything I ever witnessed before, or shall probably ever witness again, that I would not have failed to come and see it. Drogheda is a walled town, standing on the river Boyne, and known in history as surrendering to William III. after the battle of Boyne. The battle was fought near this town; an obelisk, which we saw at a distance, marks the spot. William's conquest is celebrated on the twelfth of this month, by processions of the Protestants, which, being held in dislike by the Catholics, often occasion quarrels—on which account, troops are at this time ordered into the north, and we passed a regiment of them to-day. Indeed, these “grievances red-dressed” of Ireland appear everywhere in all the cities and villages.

We have passed hundreds of Irish cottages to-day; but what pen shall describe them, that does not literally bespatter the page with mire and dirt! mud and thatch, with little light—nasty as pig-styes—ragged women and children about the door, and often the men lying down by their hovels, in laziness, filth, and rags—a horribly vile puddle

always before the door, for the accommodation of the most horribly filthy animals—said animals, in the mean time, equally and worthily occupying the domicil with the human beings who inhabit it. And to complete the picture of general misery, women beggars surrounded us every time we stopped, with children in their arms, imploring charity. From the numbers of children, indeed, it would seem as if this were the most prolific country under heaven. But it may be, because none of them go to school, and all live out of doors.

The latter part of the ride, through Newry, Hillsborough, and Lisburn, has been through a beautiful and rich country, and has been, indeed, such a redeeming scene for my general impressions of Ireland, that I am most glad to have passed through it.

We have passed a number of large peat bogs. They are evidently the beds of decayed forests ; for trees are constantly dug out of them. Do I remember to have read, or have I heard, that some king of England, perhaps Richard II., finding that the forests of Ireland rendered it difficult of conquest, gave to his English subjects, who would come over and settle in Ireland, as much land as

they would fell the wood upon? If so, an act of destruction and tyranny laid up a treasure for the future wants of Ireland, and one almost indispensable to the existence of the people—and a treasure too, not only of materials for warming their houses, but for building them. For the trunks of those ancient forests are found in these peat bogs in such a state of preservation that they are actually valuable timber—particularly the spruce; the oak too, though not so sound.

CUSHENDALL, JULY 10. The ride to-day, in the county of Antrim, of which indeed Belfast is the shire town, and through the villages of Carrickfergus, Larne, and Glenarm, has been delightful. The vicinity of Belfast, on this side, is rich in scenery; and the little village of Antrim, directly under your eye and almost under your feet, as you descend the lofty hill which you pass over to reach it, with its imbowering groves of trees, and the fine seat and grounds of some lord of the manor here, is a perfect charm. The road has been mostly by the seashore, winding around bold bluffs, and promontories, and rocky crags, and has presented many delightful views of intermingled ocean and hill or mountain scenery. Latterly, the rocky barriers of the ocean, by which I have been passing, have begun to assume something of that appearance of

regular formation which I expect to see perfected at the Giants' Causeway.

This northeastern part of Ireland was originally settled by the Scotch, and it bears a very different aspect from the southern portions of the route on which I have been passing. There is everywhere an appearance of thrift and comfort; and beggars have almost disappeared. The countenances of the people show a different origin—are more agreeable, more intelligent, more alive with expression—nay, and shorter and broader. I saw two or three schoolhouses, also, which I have scarcely met with before, on my way.

JULY 11. BUSHMILLS, *two miles from the Giants' Causeway*. The road is through Ballycastle to this place.

Nothing, it would seem, can resist abject, deep, desperate poverty, for we have passed through two or three small villages to-day, of Scottish origin, which are, if possible, more insufferably dirty than any I have seen before, albeit Irish.

Carriack-a-Rede is about six miles on the road to the Causeway—a place of tremendous precipices by the sea; with a hanging bridge suspended on ropes over a chasm eighty feet deep, leading to a small island, where is a salmon fishery. The ropes looked very small, and very old. I inquired of

the guide how old they were, and he said, many years. I advised him in conscience to inform all travellers of that fact, and promised him his task of conducting them over would be excused, as it was of performing that service for me ; for I have no chances of life to throw away, when no good is to result either to myself or others. The colour of the sea-green water here, with dark masses of sea weed interspersed, is more beautiful than I ever saw elsewhere.

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY. No one should come here, without taking a boat, if the state of the water will permit, and going to see the great cavern and the Pleaskin ; which are the sublime things about this wonderful work of nature. The cavern is six hundred feet long, and the arch over it, ninety feet high. The Pleaskin is the loftiest and most regular part of the gigantic ledge of basaltic rocks. One bold head or promontory advances forward perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in front of the general line of the precipice, and on each side the columns retreat in the form of an amphitheatre. There are several others indeed, but this is the most striking. There is one that sustains a rock, which is called "the Crown," but the Pleaskin cliff appears as if it were the throne of the place, supported by ranges of peers on each

side ; and thus it has stood out and met, unshaken, the storms of thousands of years.

After examining these spots, I went to the lower ranges of columns which rise just above the water, and landed from the boat to inspect them. They are wonderfully curious ; of all sizes and shapes—from six to eighteen inches in diameter, from the triangle to the nine sided figure—though the hexagonal form is the most common—and so exactly fitted together, that in some places the water stands on them without finding any passage down. Each column consists of many parts, as is usually seen in columns of human construction. The length of the parts varies, from six to twelve and eighteen inches, and one has been found about five feet long. To give strength to the whole mass, the articulations or joints of the columns are never in the same line, but vary—some of the blocks rise a little above others, presenting not a level but an uneven surface on the top. And furthermore, the surfaces at the ends of the separate blocks are never plain, but convex and concave, the two kinds of surfaces always and exactly fitting into each other.

The height of the precipices upon the shore here is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. The upper half only is columnar. The steamboat in

which I took passage—from Portrush, three miles from the Causeway—carried us along the north coast of Ireland. The waves of the wild North Sea seem everywhere to have washed it to precipices. That of Fair Head is the most imposing cliff I have ever seen.

I must not forget to mention the ruins of the Castle of Dunluce, on this coast, a little above the Causeway. It stands upon, and completely covers, a small island which is about twenty feet from the shore, and is now permanently joined to it by a stone bridge for foot passengers. This island is itself a craggy precipice rising three hundred feet from the water, and on the very verge of the precipice stand the castle walls. How impregnable it must have been may be easily judged. And yet it was once taken by a ladder of ropes; not, however, without treachery in the garrison. It has been the scene of much romantic story in the Antrim family—this name having been conferred, with an earldom, upon the family of Dunluce. An earl of Antrim married the wife of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham. The castle is in ruins of course, but the forms of the rooms, the chimney flues, &c., are preserved.

I found a usage prevailing on board the steamer which conveyed us to Glasgow, which

marks the difference between English institutions and ours.* Every steamboat, stage coach, and hotel has its aristocratic *place de reserve*. Those who occupied the quarter deck of this boat, paid, I think, four times as much for their passage, as those who stood two feet below them on the main deck. Were such an arrangement to be made in one of our boats, the end of it, I suppose, would be, that everybody would go on the quarter deck.

* I am told, however, that such a usage does prevail in the boats on the Mississippi.

CHAPTER III.

Scotland—A Stage Coach Conversation—Edinburgh—Its unrivalled beauty—Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag—Difference between objects of Romance and of real Life—Holyrood—St. Leonard's Crag—Excursion to the Highlands—Stirling—The Trosacks—Lock Katrine—Lock Lomond—Highland Cottage at Inversnaid—Hamilton—Bothwell Brig—Lanark—Tweeddale—Abbotsford—Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys—Comparison between the People of Scotland and of New-England.

As I took my place on the top of the coach at Glasgow for Edinburgh, I found a handsome young man seated opposite to me—a boy of twelve years and a modest looking Scotch girl, with eyes sparkling like diamonds, and a freckled cheek, which coloured and changed at every turn; and to whom the young gallant was evidently attempting to make himself agreeable. On the fore part of the coach sat a young fellow, who I soon saw was much given to ranting sentiment. We took up on the way a sturdy looking middle aged man, dressed in coarse but substantial broadcloth, who said, to my surprise, as he took his seat, "This is

the first time I ever was on a coach." What American that ever was dressed at all, could say that? However, this made up our dramatis personæ; for we had a dialogue on the way, in which I took so much interest, that I shall record it.

I forget how the conversation began, but I soon observed some sharp sparring between the gallant and the sentimentalist, in which the former was expressing some ideas of the strongest skeptical taint, and especially insisting that there was no life beyond the present.

"Ay," said the sentimentalist, "I know what you are; I have seen such as you before; you believe nothing, and destroy everything. Do you believe there is a *God*?"

"Oh! certainly I don't deny that," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "you'll find there is a God yet, and you'll find what it is to die yet, and you'll see that after death cometh the judgment;" and he then, without much delicacy, warned the Scotch girl to beware of such a fellow.

"You may talk," said the gallant, "but you know nothing about it, and nobody knows anything about it. I know as much as you do, and that is nothing. There is a man dying! Now look at him. Everything that you know about him dies

with him. His speech dies ; his thoughts die ; the man dies, and there is an end of him."

It was easy to see that our rustic fellow-traveller was very much shocked. He seemed never to have heard anything like this before. He was evidently a representative of the true homebred Scotch faith, who had duly learned his catechism in childhood, and duly attended upon the kirk ever since, and never thought there was anything to be mentioned in religion, but the kirk and catechism. He looked this way, and that way, and shifted from side to side on his seat, and at length said, without addressing any one in particular, "I am sure this man does not know what he says ; he is demented I'm thinking." He then adverted to the little boy sitting by, and said that "he ought not to hear such things."

I have more than I wish I had, of the English aversion to taking part in conversation with strangers in a coach ; but as I saw that both our rustic and ranter were rather failing and sinking before the firm assurance of the young skeptic, I thought I ought to speak. So I said to him, "You seem, from your confident assertions, to know much about death—what is death?"

"Why, death," said he—"what is death? Why

everybody knows that : it is when a man dies—ceases to live ; and there is an end of him.”

“ But this,” said I, “ is no definition. You should at least define what you talk about so confidently. Else you attempt to argue from—you know not what ; to draw a certainty from an uncertainty. Is not death,” said I, “ the dissolution of the body ? Is not that what you mean by death ?”

“ Yes,” said he ; “ that is it ; it is the dissolution of the body.”

“ Well, then,” I said, “ are the body and the soul the same thing ? Is the principle of thought, the same thing with the hand, or foot, or head ?”

“ To be sure it is not ; and what then ?” he rejoined.

“ Why then,” said I, “ it follows that the dissolution of the body has nothing to do with the soul. The soul does not consist of materials that *can* be dissolved. Therefore death, while it passes over the body, does not, you see, as we define it—does not touch the soul.”

He seemed something at a stand with this ; but like many others in the same circumstances, he only began to repeat what he had already said with more vehement assertions and a louder tone. Meanwhile, there was a little by-play, in which he endeavoured to reassure the Scotch girl, with

whom he had evidently ingratiated himself by very marked attention, telling her as she rather drew off from him, that it was all nothing ; and that whatever he said, it was no matter ; and that he was just like the rest of us. I was determined that the warning which had been given in that quarter, should not want what aid I could give it ; and as I saw that the metaphysical argument was thrown away, I had recourse to a more practical one.

Resuming the conversation, therefore, I said, " You believe that there is a God : I think you have admitted this ?"

" Yes—I do."

" And you believe that God made the world, do you not ?"

" To be sure—I do."

" And you believe that he made man ?"

" Certainly—of course."

" And you believe that he made man a social being, do you not ?—that he constituted man, and made and meant him to dwell in families and in societies ?"

" It would seem so ; he was willing to admit it."

" Now, then," said I, " answer me one question. Do you believe that men could live either safely or happily in society, without any expectation of a future life ? If this life were all, do you not think

that you, and most men around you, would give yourselves up to all the pleasures that you could find here—to pleasures that it would cost you the least of effort and self-denial to obtain? Is it not evident and inevitable, taking men as they are, that all virtue, all self-discipline and restraint, all domestic purity, and all correct and temperate living, would fall with the doctrine of a future life?"

Somewhat to my surprise, he frankly confessed that he thought it would.

"Well, then," I said, "here is a very plain case; and I am willing to trust this *boy* with the argument. He can decide, and every one here can decide, between a belief that would confessedly destroy the happiness and improvement of the world, and the only belief that can sustain it. If God made society, he established the principles that are necessary to its welfare. And to assail these principles, is hostility at once to heaven and earth. It is as if a man would spread blight and mildew over these harvest fields, and starve the world to death!"

EDINBURGH, JULY 14. I was never aware till I came to England, of the pre-eminence which this town is allowed to hold as a beautiful and imposing city. But on my route hither, I have been continually hearing of the glories of Edinburgh; and

now, instead of being disappointed, I am ready to say that the half was not told me. You enter it from the west, through a suburb which, it is much to say, has nothing disagreeable in it—none of the usual accompaniments of dirty streets, vile, miserable houses, and squalid and suffering poverty. The *coup d'œil*, at your entrance, is on every side the most striking imaginable. Before you stretches Princes-street, wider than Broadway in New-York, more than a mile long, lined on the left with noble ranges of buildings, bordered on the right, throughout its whole extent, with gardens, and terminated by Calton Hill, crowned with monuments. On the left, again, spreads the New Town, built in stone, and thrown into every graceful variety of forms—square, circle, and crescent. On the right is the Old Town, which is itself, in contrast to the other, one grand piece of antiquity: On this side of it towers the lofty crag on which the castle is built, and a little beyond it rise the heights of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat.

JULY 15. Edinburgh (Old Town) has a most singular and touching air of antiquity. It is to other cities what old ruins are to other dwellings. As you traverse some of those streets—the High-street, and Canongate, and the Cowgate—whose houses rise like towers, six or seven stories high, on

either side, and reflect that the stream of existence has flowed through them for centuries, the same as now—with the same elements of human weal and wo mingled in it as now—with the same sounds—the din of business, the words of anger, or the tones of laughter, the cries of childhood, and the deep hum of stern and intent occupation—the same sounds reverberated from those weatherbeaten walls as now : ay, and as you reflect that infuriated mobs have passed here, and the trampling footsteps of armies, and the sad funeral trains of successive generations—and that through these streets Queen Mary was brought after her defeat at Carberry Hill, in degradation, and disgrace, and tears—yes, and that here, upon these very pavements, Robertson, and Hume, and Mackenzie, and Burns, and Scott have walked ; a holy air of antiquity seems to breathe from every wynd and close, and touching memories are inscribed upon every stone : it is difficult to preserve the decorum that belongs to a public walk, or to have patience with the indifference that familiarity has written upon the faces around you.

Yet all multitudes of men are themselves touching spectacles. And when I have stood on Calton Hill, and looked, as you *may* do, right down upon that sea of human dwellings in the New Town, I

have felt an indescribable, painful, awful emotion—as if I laid my hand upon the very heart of the mighty city, and felt its heavings and throbbings—felt that life was there, and as if it were my own life, multiplied a hundred thousand times, in magnitude, intensity, and importance.

If I were asked what is the great charm about this Old World, and if I wished to generalize the answer, I should say, *it is antiquity*—antiquity in its castles, its towns, its cathedrals, its cities. The sublimity of ages is about you at every step, and you feel your connection with past races of men, in a way that you are not naturally led to do in a country where there are no monuments of the past.

To-day, however, I saw a relic of the past in a very grotesque attitude ; a Highlander in full dress—yes, the wild, fierce, haughty Highlander—playing on a fiddle ! a street beggar, asking a few pence to keep him from starving. He was dressed in the philabeg or kilts, and hose ; and I am surprised to find that there are some Highland regiments, in the English service, who are dressed in this manner. I have seen some of these soldiers, both here and in Glasgow, parading about in this dress—which, to describe it, is very like a petticoat hanging from the waist halfway down the leg, a hose

coming up halfway on the calf—so that the person is naked from above the knee down to the middle calf of the leg. It appeared very uncomfortable, and scarcely decent. When George the Fourth visited Scotland and held levee at Holyrood, he appeared in this costume. A picture of him is shown in the audience room.

JULY 17. I went to-day to as many spots mentioned in Scott's stories as I could find, and afterward to Holyrood Palace. I was struck with the different effects produced upon the feelings by scenes of romance and scenes of real history. Around the former, indeed, there is a hallowing charm—the halo of genius rests there; but the history of actual events is, comparatively, as if genius itself were imbodied in it. You feel that reality is there. Where Mary *really* suffered, shuddered, and wept—is one thing; where Effie Deans is *supposed* to have laid, albeit upon the cold stone, her broken heart, is quite another thing. We admire genius, but genius itself is only the interpreter of all-powerful nature. Or if it be said, that genius is a part of nature, and its noblest part, then take us where genius itself has wrought out its noblest achievement, or manifested its most sublime endurance, and we shall feel, indeed, that *there* is reality, in its full sovereignty. The spot so

consecrated may be the battle field ; it may be the council chamber ; it may be the martyr's stake ; yes, and it may be the student's cell—at Abbotsford, or on the Avon.

Yet as I strolled one day up Salisbury Crag and down from Arthur's Seat, amid which are laid several of the scenes of the Heart of Mid Lothian, I felt illusion, at some moments, to be almost as powerful as reality. I felt as if the light-hearted Effie, and the truehearted Jeanie, and the sternhearted old man, must have lived there ; and that upon that hillside poor Madge must have sung her wild song, and Sharpitlaw and Ratton must have rushed down there towards Muschat's cairn. The cairn was situated immediately below St. Anthony's Chapel, some ruins of which still remain. I passed them as I came down from Arthur's Seat ; a little spring of fresh and sweet water, still bubbling up at the base of the old hermitage.

In the High-street is shown the house of John Knox—looking dark and stern as himself. On the corner and under a sort of canopy is a rudely sculptured bust of the old reformer, with the hand raised and the finger pointed at the words—thus inscribed on the wall:—

Exc.

Deus.

Göd.

On the opposite side of the street, in the front wall of the house are two figures in stone, supposed to be of a very ancient date, and to represent Adam and Eve. The Latin inscription is, (trans.) "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

HOLYROOD. Queen Mary's stateroom, with the bed of Charles I. now standing in it; her bedroom with her own bed in it; her dressing-room; the small apartment in which she, Rizzio, and some others were supping when Darnley and Ruthven, with other lords, entered, dragged Rizzio out, and murdered him before her face; the dark passage by which they came up; the blood at the head of the principal staircase where they dragged him down; the partition by which that spot is cut off from the stateroom, and apparently cut off for no other reason—thus giving colour to the tradition which alleges that this is the blood of Rizzio; the dressing table of Mary, with raised work on it done by herself, and the wicker basket, raised on a sort of tripod, which held the infant wardrobe of her son: these objects bring the unfortunate Mary before one, with a vividness that almost makes him feel as if he had now heard her story for the

first time. It is a striking instance of the power of adventitious circumstances, to carry down a name and almost to embalm it in the memory of ages. Had Mary been homely and happy, we should probably never have heard of her!

Edinburgh (Old Town) is very curious in one respect. There is a town under a town. The valleys are so deep and the hills so high on which it is built, that bridges or causeways of stone are thrown across; and when you pass over them, you see houses, and a street, and crowds passing—all directly beneath you.

Before breakfast, the morning on which I came away, I went to find St. Leonard's—not having heard till the morning before that there was now a spot so designated. I found it—a small crag; just beneath which and west of it is a cottage, sweetly situated, called St. Leonard's cottage. It is just on the borders of the city, on the side towards Salisbury Crag.

I took leave of Edinburgh; I gazed upon its glories and glorious objects for the last time, with a feeling that it seems to me I scarce shall feel again, in leaving any foreign city.

GLASGOW, JULY 20. From Edinburgh, I have come round through the Highlands to this place. Every step of the way has been on classic ground;

the beautiful windings of the Forth with the Grampian Hills on the north ; Stirling Castle ; the wild grandeur of the Trosacks ; Ben Nevis and Ben Venue, and the haunted waters of Loch Katrine, every rock and headland garlanded with romance ; the bold and majestic shores of Loch Lomond ; the haunts of Rob Roy, the Lennox country, and the soft scenery of the Leven.

I passed the night at Callender, twelve miles from Loch Katrine, and spent the evening in reading through the *Lady of the Lake*. About a mile and a half before reaching the lake, you enter the celebrated Trosacks, or The Bristled Territory. Conceive of two or three hundred hills, wild and precipitous, some higher, some lower, all covered with shrubbery, ivy, and heather, with often a bold "thunder-splintered pinnacle" shooting up from among them ; conceive yourself walking through this region on a winding and almost level road, at the foot of these hills, with some new view opening, some striking object arresting you at every step as you proceed, and you may have some idea of that grand panorama of the picturesque—the Trosacks.

As you emerge from this valley of hills and mountains, Loch Katrine presents itself—a narrow strip of water at the first, and never, at any point,

more than two miles wide. You are rowed, ten miles, through the length of the lake, and may spend some of your time, if you please, in fancying where the fairy lady moored her bark, or where, under her magic guidance, it shot across the silver waters.

A walk of five miles, through a wild country, with some genuine Highland moors on the way, brings you to Inversnaid Mill, on the shore of Loch Lomond. The pass down to Inversnaid is so steep, and dark, and deep, that it seemed to me a hundred men might have been murdered there without being heard—Rob Roy must have held it as a favourite spot. There is a single cottage on the shore ; and I entered it with a curiosity inspired by a thousand tales of romance. A Highland cottage, at the bottom of one of the wildest Highland passes !—what would it be, and what its inmates ? I found a woman and her daughter, who told me that they had no neighbours, and exchanged no visits with anybody. There was no chimney. The smoke found its way out at a hole in the roof, but not till it had circulated in many eddies and wreaths around the beams and rafters, which were black and shining with soot. Along the wall adjoining that against which the fire was built—for there was properly no fireplace—were to be dimly

seen the apartments or stories, one above another, of a sort of crib, such as Walter Scott has described, as answering the purpose of a bedstead. I asked the woman for food. She had nothing but oatmeal cake, which she produced, and I was glad to try a specimen of Highland bread. But, in good truth, I should never desire to have anything to do with it, save as a specimen; for of all stuff that ever I tasted, it was the most inedible, impracticable, insufferable—dry, hard, coarse, rasping, gritty, chaffy: I *could* not eat it, and it seemed to me that if I could, it would be no more nourishing than gravel kneaded into mud and baked in a limekiln. As to drink, whiskey—whiskey, the boatmen said, was the only thing, and the thing indispensable. I tasted of it; and truly it had not the usual odious taste of our American whiskey. It is said that the peat, by which it is distilled, gives it a peculiar flavour.

As to the estimate of this article, or something like it—something “wet and oothsome,” as the wretch Peter Peebles says—I should suppose that Highlands and Lowlands agree, nay, and all England for that matter—for I have never seen anything like the numbers of persons that I have observed here, after dinner or in the evening, sipping their brandy and water, or whiskey punch. It

would seem strange to some of our American reformers; but I have been at supper, where the meal was introduced by the host with a "grace;" and the brandy and hot water were brought on at the close of the entertainment, evidently as a matter of course, and I was very much urged to take some, as a very excellent thing; and, indeed, as the conscientious Peebles says, "they had like to ha' guided me very ill."

From Inversnaid Mill a steamboat takes you up and down the entire length of Loch Lomond, thirty miles. A rainy day did not hide altogether the bold and majestic features of this shore and mountain scenery, though it prevented me from seeing it to the best advantage. Around the lower part of Loch Lomond is the country of the Lennox; from whence a ride through the vale of the Leven brings you to Dumbarton, where a steamboat again, at almost any hour, will take you up to Glasgow.

The cathedral here is a grand old pile; the only one that Knox spared, and which he still frowns upon from his monument in the cemetery on the opposite hill. And this last spot suggests the subject of funerals, which are celebrated with much pomp, as it appears to an American taste, throughout the kingdom: the hearse bearing a sort of

forest of waving plumes over it—white for the young, black for the elder—the carriages and horses put into as deep mourning as their owners. It would seem that there are entertainments on these occasions; for I saw over a shop here this singular advertisement—"Funeral and Fancy biscuit, for sale here."

HAMILTON, JULY 23. I have come down to Hamilton to-day, on my way to the Falls of the Clyde, Tweeddale, Abbotsford, &c. I have several times observed, as I did to-day, very tidy looking young women walking barefoot, and carrying a little parcel in hand, which was evidently the stockings and shoes. Indeed, neatness and thrift seem characteristic of the people everywhere. When there is no scenery to engage attention, Scotch husbandry, at least, is a pleasing feature of the landscape.

About two miles from Hamilton are the ruins of Bothwell Castle. The property now belongs to Lord Douglass, and the castle is situated just in the rear of his seat. And very few things have I seen equal to the beauty of its situation, on a bold, rounded, wooded bank of the Clyde, with the ruins of an old abbey on the opposite bank.

About half a mile from this is Bothwell Brig. The land slopes on each side of the river to the

bridge, so that the two bodies of troops who fought here, might, it is evident, be plainly in sight of each other, before engaging—as they are represented by Walter Scott. A fair vale spreads above, and below, the river winds between steep, rocky, and wooded banks, making altogether a scene fitted to rebuke the fierce passions that once drenched this spot with blood.

From Bothwell Brig, stretches fourteen miles, I was told, up the banks of the Clyde, the estate of the Duke of Hamilton. I went to the palace. It has one noble portico; but mostly it is low and inelegant, though immense—looking altogether more like several blocks and squares of fine buildings in a city than anything else. I should suppose the possessor might easily entertain some hundred or two of guests. I observed not much less than a hundred bells in *one* of the lower entries. The furniture was much of it old, but exceedingly rich, mosaics, ebony cabinets, carved work, &c. The ceilings beautifully gilt, and that of the picture gallery exceedingly splendid—approaching the dazzling appearance of the back of a diamond beetle as seen under the microscope. It was this gallery chiefly that I came to see. But I was very much disappointed. There are some paintings said to be of the old masters, but put in such bad lights

that it is scarcely conceivable that they should be worth much. There is an original Bonaparte of David—a fine countenance, and more natural, easy, amiable, and even more handsome than is usual in the portraits and busts of him. The gallery consists chiefly of commonplace looking men and fair women—mostly Hamiltons; but the chef d'œuvre is a Rubens—Daniel in the Lions' Den. The lions I thought were very good, but I did not like the face of the Daniel. It is pale and livid, and shows fright or distress full as much as reliance. If it is trust, it is the agony, and not the repose of trust. Some may think it surprising that a traveller, raw from the New World, should undertake to criticise a painting. But I say that the painter is to be judged by the general eye, as truly as the orator, and so shall I go on my way criticising as if I had been brought up at the feet of Raphael—criticising *i. e.* not the technical things of the art—not the mixing of colours, or drawing, or perspective—but criticising the general effect. If the painter means to strike the general mind, the general mind must be his judge.

LANARK, JULY 24. The ride from Hamilton to Lanark is full of beauties. But the Falls of Clyde here are most beautiful. Whether they are as well worth visiting as the Giants' Causeway and

the Trosacks, I will not say ; but certainly they raise the emotion of pleasure higher than either. Stone Biers below is well enough ; but the chief beauty is above, at Coralinn and Bonnington.

We left Tillietudlem, three miles from Lanark, on the right, two miles from the road, and out of sight. I am told an old woman near there was very much vexed by the inquiries of rambling visitors, after the publication of *Old Mortality*. She could not conceive what sent all these people, all at once, asking about Tillietudlem.

JULY 25, 26. *From Lanark, through Peebles, to St. Ronans.* St. Ronans is a neat village ; and about half a mile distant, at the foot of one of the hills which surround it on all sides, is St. Ronans Well ; but nothing could I hear of any place or ruin called Mobray Castle.

About twenty miles from Lanark, you strike the Tweed, and thence the road to Kelso is chiefly through the vale of the Tweed. It is mostly narrow, and hemmed in on both sides by high, heathery hills. Tweedale, I believe, is the northern confine of the Border-land. Three or four old ruins of castles are to be seen on the road ; making the appearance of a chain of castles.

The great objects to-day, (the twenty-sixth,) and

enough to make any day remarkable, are—Abbotsford, Melrose Abbey, and Dryburg Abbey.

Abbotsford takes its name from a ford over the Tweed, near at hand, which formerly belonged to the abbots—of some neighbouring monastery, I suppose. It is well worth visiting, independently of the associations, which make it what it is—what no other place can be. The structure too—the apartments—the furniture—are altogether in keeping with those associations. Everything is just what you would have it, to commemorate Walter Scott. The building is a beautiful Gothic structure. You will not expect a description from me of what has been already so minutely and so well described. You remember the hall of entrance, with its stained windows, and its walls hung round with ancient armour, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets—all of them, as an inscription imports, of the “auld time ;” the dining and the drawing rooms ; the library and the study ; the curiosities of the place—choice paintings, curious old chairs of carved work—the rare cabinet of relics, Rob Roy’s musket, pistols from the dread holsters of Claverhouse and Bonaparte—and all surrounded and adorned with oaken wainscoting and ceilings, the latter very beautifully carved, yet very simple—everything, indeed, wearing the ap-

pearance of great dignity and taste : well, I have seen it all—I have seen it ! But the study !—before the desk at which he wrote, in the very chair, the throne of power from which he stretched out a sceptre over the world, and over all ages, I sat down—it was enough ! *I went* to see the cell of the enchanter—I saw it ; and my homage—was silence, till I had ridden miles from that abode of departed genius.

I am tempted here to give you an anecdote, which has been mentioned to me since I came to Europe. An American lady of distinguished intelligence, had the good fortune to meet with Scott frequently in Italy, till she felt emboldened to express to him something of the feeling that she entertained about his works. She told him, that in expressing her gratitude, she felt that she expressed that of millions. She spoke of the relief which he had brought to the heavy and weary days of languor and pain ; and said, that no day so dark had ever risen upon her, that it was not brightened by the prospect of reading another of his volumes. And what, now, do you think was his reply ? A tear rolled down his cheek : he *said nothing* ! Was it not beautiful ? For you feel that that tear testified more than selfish gratification ; that it was the silent witness of religious gratitude.

I must pass by the well-known and often-described beauty of Melrose Abbey, three miles from Abbotsford, and ask you to go on with me a few miles farther to Dryburgh—the place where “the wreck of power” (intellectual) is laid down to rest. If I were to choose the place of his body’s repose, from all that I have ever seen, it would be this. The extent, antiquity, and beauty of the work; the trees growing within the very walls of the abbey; the luxuriant shrubbery waving from the tops of the walls and from parts of the roof here and there remaining; the ivy, covering over the work of ghastly ruin, and making it graceful—hanging from “the rifted arches and shafted windows,” and weaving festoons from one broken fragment to another; the solemn, umbrageous gloom of the spot; the perpetual sound of a waterfall in the neighbouring Tweed—all conspire to make this spot wonderfully romantic; it throws a spell over the mind, such as no other ruin does that I have seen. Conway Castle is more sublime: Melrose Abbey is more beautiful in its well preserved, sculptured remains: but Dryburgh is far more romantic. What place can be so fit to hold the remains of *Walter Scott*!

Before crossing the Tweed, and while yet on Scottish ground, I wish to drop one thought which

I have carried more than seven years, I believe, without ever finding the proverb to avail me at all. And that is on the striking resemblance between the character of Scotland and of New-England. The energy and vehemence of the Scottish character, the *perfervidum ingenium Scottorum*, is universally acknowledged. *Fier comme un Ecossais*, is a proverb. And yet the Scotch are accounted a singularly wary and cautious people ; reserved in manners, exact in speech, guarded in communication, and keen and close in the transaction of business. The Scotchman has the singular fortune to stand as a proverb for the most opposite qualities, and I suppose that they really exist in him. The same qualities are found in the New-England character. The Yankee—"it will not deny"—is sharp at a bargain. He is cold in manners. The deep reserve of a New-England boy, especially if living retired in the country, perhaps no one can understand who has not experienced it. It seems as if his heart were girded with a stronger band than any other, and certainly such as is not natural or befitting to the ingenuousness of youth. I do not wonder that the result of a cursory observation has been, to pronounce the New-Englander a being, to whom "nature has given a double portion of brains and

half a heart." And yet nothing could be more untrue. The New-England character is, in fact, one of the deepest excitement and enthusiasm. The whole history of the people proves this, from the Landing at Plymouth to this hour. Every species of enterprise, political, commercial, literary, religious, has been developed in New-England to a degree, I am inclined to think, unprecedented in the world. All America is filled with the proofs of it. And private life in New-England will exhibit the same character to all who become intimate with it. The two races whom I am comparing have also had the same fate of general misconstruction and opprobrium. The Scot is regarded, on the south side of the Tweed, very much as the Yankee is, south of the Hudson. I will not inquire into the causes of this; but it certainly seems a very hard case on either hand. A people in both instances, industrious, virtuous, religious, almost beyond example—carrying popular education to a point of improvement altogether unexampled in the world, till the Prussian system appeared—and furnishing far more than their respective quotas to the noblest literature of their respective countries—would seem to have deserved more respect than has been awarded to Scotland and New-England.

CHAPTER IV.

England. York—The Minster—Churches and Church building—Yorkshire Dialect—Americanisms—Aspect of the country compared with ours—Kendall—Windermere—Ambleside—A conversation on English and American politics—Visit to Grassmere—Poney Ride among the Lakes—Keswick—Ullswater—The Lake Scenery.

YORK, JULY 29. From Dryburgh, I came through Kelso, Newcastle, and Durham, down to York.

After a delightful ride on the banks of the Tweed, leaving the vale of the Teviot, and the Cheviot hills, on the south, I entered England, nine miles below Kelso.

In Northumberland on the road to Newcastle, I passed several extensive moors, very like the country described by Scott as surrounding Osbaldistone Hall.

As you approach Newcastle, it becomes evident that you are in the region of collieries. "The smoke of the country goeth up as the smoke of a furnace." It is not the smoke of its destruction however. It is the indication of life, and not of

death—ay, and of life that has gone down far into the bowels of the earth ; for it proceeds from the chimneys of steam engines, employed at every pit, for the double purpose of pumping out water and raising coal.

DURHAM. The cathedral, one of the finest in England, and the castle, now the bishop's palace, I could not stop to examine.

York is a queer old place, worth coming a good many miles to see for its own sake. But the minster !—it is worth a pilgrimage to see it. It is the only building I have ever seen in a city that stands up and out so completely from the surrounding mass of buildings, that it is, from every quarter, distinctly presented to the eye. The minster, amid the city of York, stands like the elephant in a menagerie. Its proportions, too, are so perfect, its character is so unique, that it makes upon the mind one single impression. You take in the whole object, and feel all its overpowering grandeur, at the first glance of the eye. And yet it seems to me, that if I were to live in sight of it a thousand years, it would lose none of the indescribable charm with which it first entranced me. Indeed I shall attempt no description. I dare not bring my measurements here. Nay, it appears to me that the impression here does not depend on

any exact idea of size or of parts. It is a whole ; it makes its impression as a whole ; and you can no more receive that impression from the successive sentences of a description, than you could receive it from contemplating, in succession, the different parts of the structure itself.

There is a sanctity and venerableness about many of the English churches, and even those of the humblest order, which nothing but time indeed can give to the churches of our country, but which time will never give to them, unless we learn to build them with more durable materials than wood or brick. There is something in these churches which leads you instinctively to take off your hat when you enter them—a duty, by-the-by, of which your attendant is sure to admonish you, if you fail of it—and I would that the practice were more common than it is among us. The sentiment of reverence for holy places, is certainly gaining ground upon the old Puritan and Presbyterian prejudice on this head, and it must grow with the increasing refinement of the people. But still, there are too many churches, especially in our country towns, which are in a state of shameful disrepair, and of abominable filthiness ; and which are constantly trampled under the feet of the multitude, at every election. Indeed, the condition and use,

and, I may add, the architecture of a church, cannot fail to have a direct effect upon the sentiment of religious veneration ; and I trust the time is to come, when (with reference to this last point) the construction of churches among us will be given into the hands of competent architects, and not left to the crude and ambitious devices of parish committees. It costs no more to build in good proportions, than in bad ; and the trifling expense of obtaining a plan from an able architect (not a mere carpenter) is unworthy to have any weight in a matter of such permanent importance to a whole community. The churches of a country are a part of its religious literature. They speak to the people ; they convey ideas ; they make impressions. The Catholics understand this, and are erecting, I believe, more fine churches in America, in proportion to their numbers, than any other denomination among us.

I confess that if I could build a church in all respects to suit my own taste, I would build it in the solemn and beautiful style of the churches of England, the Gothic style ; and I would build it in enduring stone, that it might gather successive generations within its holy walls, that passing centuries might shed their hallowing charm around it, that the children might worship where their fathers

had worshipped from age to age, and feel as if the spirits of their fathers still mingled in their holy rites. Nay, more do I say, and further would I go—I am not speaking, of course, as proposing anything, but only as individually preferring it—but I say for myself that I would place altars in that church, where prayers might be said daily, where daily resort might be had by all whose inclination prompted; so that whosoever passed by might have liberty, at any hour of the day, to turn aside from his business, his occupation, his care, or his leisurely walk—in his sorrow, or his joy, or his anxiety, or his fear, or his desire, and want, and trouble, and temptation, so often besetting the steps of every mortal life—to turn aside, I say, and bow down amid the awful stillness of the sanctuary. Let it not be said, as detracting from the importance of the religious architecture of a country, or as an apology for neglect or irreverence towards churches, that all places are holy—that the universe is the temple of God. It is true, indeed, that the whole frame of nature is a temple for worship, but is it a mean or an unadorned temple? Nay, what a structure is it! and what a glorious adorning is put upon it, to touch the springs of imagination and feeling, and to excite the principle of devotion? What painted or gilded dome is like that arch of

blue, "that swells above us?" What blaze of clustered lamps, or even burning tapers, is like the lamp of day hung in the heavens, or the silent and mysterious lights that burn for ever in the far off depths of the evening sky? And what are the splendid curtains with which the churches of Rome are clothed for festal occasions, to the gorgeous clouds that float around the pavilion of morning, or the tabernacle of the setting sun? And what mighty pavement of tessellated marble can compare with the green valleys, the enamelled plains, the whole variegated, broad, and boundless pavement of this world's surface, on which the mighty congregation of the children of men are standing? What, too, are altars reared by human hands, compared with the everlasting mountains—those altars in the temple of nature; and what incense ever arose from human altars, like the bright and beautiful mountain mists that float around those eternal heights, and then rise above them and are dissolved into the pure and transparent ether—like the last fading shadows of human imperfection, losing themselves in the splendours of heaven? And what voice ever spoke from human altar, like the voice of the thunder from its cloudy tabernacle on those sublime heights of the creation, when

“ Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain height hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud !”

And, in fine, what anthem or pean ever rolled from organ or orchestra, or from the voice of a countless multitude, like the dread and deafening roar of ocean, with all its swelling multitude of waves ? Yes, the temple of nature is full of inspiration, full of objects that inspire devotion, and so, as far as may be, should our temples of prayer and thanksgiving be made.

To say, as if to detract from the sanctity of religious edifices, that here, after all, is only so much wood, and stone, and mortar, which are nothing but the same mass of materials in any other form, or devoted to any other purpose—why we talk not so of our homes—we talk not so of nature—we talk so of nothing else. It is by mixing up intellectual and spiritual associations with things, and only so, that they have any interest or importance to our minds. Things are nothing but what the mind makes them to be—nothing but by an infusion into them of the intellectual principle of our own nature. The tuft that is shorn from the warrior's plume by the scythe of death, is nothing else, if one pleases so to consider it, but the plumage of a bird. The

relic of a sainted martyr—suppose it were a hem of his garment—is, if one pleases so to consider it, nothing else but a piece of cloth that protected him from the winter's cold, or the summer's heat. The place where his broken and lacerated body was laid down to rest, may be accounted common earth; and the mouldering remains of a buried empire, may be accounted common dust. The Palatine hill on which stood the palace of the imperial Cæsars, and which is now covered with its ruins, may be accounted a common hill. But so do we not speak of things, nor think of them.

No, let us yield to that principle of our nature which imparts a portion of its own character to the things around us; which, with a kind of creative power, *makes* times, and seasons, and places to be holy; which gathers a halo of glory and beauty over our native land; which accounts the maxim devoutly true, that “there is no place like home;” and which hallows “the place where prayer is wont to be made”—which accounts no place like it—and yet so accounting it, judges that to be a good work, which makes the temples of a nation's worship strong and beautiful, for the use and admiration of successive ages.

KENDALL, JULY 29. From York, through Tadcaster, Leeds, covered with the smoke of its

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factories, Bradford, a thriving town, Keighley, Skipton, &c., to Kendall—a fine country: the vales successively of the Wharf, the Aire, and the Lune.

The language—the vulgar dialect, that is—of Yorkshire, and Lancashire too, is almost as unintelligible to me as Chinese. The English critics upon our barbarous Americanisms, might well reserve their comments, and as many more as they can produce, for home consumption. They are troubled with a most patronising and paternal anxiety, lest the English language should be lost among our common people; it is lost among the common people of Yorkshire. They smile at our blunders when we say *sick* and *fine* instead of *nice*. They say that *nice* comes from a grocer's shop; we might as well say that *fine* comes from the kitchen. They are troubled when we call a *fine* building; but not when we call a *nice* one. More curious in England than to hear of a *nice* building, is to hear of the kingdom as “a *nice* one.” As to *sick*, it is ours and not theirs. * *th* is not with the standard usage. The language is afflicted with disease—

One thing that gives

* For *sick*

of aspect as compared with ours, is the substitution of stone in all structures where we use wood—as stone houses, barns, outhouses of all sorts, stone bridges, stone watering troughs by the wayside. The smallest stream or ditch crossing the road has a stone bridge. All this gives an air of antiquity, durability, and, if I may say so, of dignity to the whole country. Another circumstance that has the same effect, is the practice of calling many of the farms from generation to generation by the same name. It is not Mr. Such or Such a one's place—at least that is not the only designation—but it is Woodside, or Oakdale, or some of those unpronounceable Welsh names. I like this. It invests every dwelling in the country with local associations. It gives to every locality a dignity and interest, far beyond that of mere property or possession.

JULY 30. This morning, the finest I have seen since I landed at Liverpool, I left Kendall for Windermere. Stopped at Bowness and took a boat—visited the *Station*, a romantic eminence on the opposite side of the lake; then rowed up the lake eight miles to Ambleside, the head of Windermere. The head, and the views from the *Station*, are far the most beautiful things about the lake; and, in-

deed, they are the *only* things very *striking* about it.

What a power lies in association ! I was already in sight of the far famed Windermere, and almost any tract of water and landscape would have appeared lovely under such a sky—surely this did—yet, as I stopped to pick a few raspberries by the hedge, that simple action—the memories that it brought with it—the thoughts of those hours of my early days, passed near my own native home—passed by those hedges, thronging ever since with a thousand inexpressible recollections—passed in the fond romance of youth, amid the holy silence of the fields and all the thick coming fancies of an unworn imagination and sensibility—all this moved me as no scene of mere abstract beauty could ever do ! And yet, indeed, what is abstract ? What is nature but an instrument harmonized into unison with something in us—every vibration of which either awakens or answers to some thrilling chord, in the more mysterious frame of our own being ? What is the traveller but a pilgrim of the heart, the imagination, the memory ? Such a little passage, now and then, as this to-day, convinces one that there is much poetry in boyhood, though one does not find it out, perhaps, till long afterward.

From Ambleside I took a pony and rode to Rydal Mount, the residence of Mr. W——.*

I was so much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. W—— that I actually began to suspect that I had come to the cottage of one of his neighbours. After ten minutes' commonplace talk about the weather, the travelling, &c., had passed, I determined to find out whether I was mistaken; and aware of his deep interest in the politics of England, I availed myself of some remark that was made, to introduce that subject. He immediately quit all commonplace and went into the subject with a flow, a flood almost, of conversation that soon left me in no doubt. After this had gone on

* I depart here from the rule I have laid down to myself—not to draw any details of private society into this journal—for three reasons.

The first is that the conversations which I take the liberty to quote in this place, relate principally to one of the very subjects for the discussion of which I have been tempted to publish the present volumes. The next is that the sentiments here advanced on the part of the individual referred to, are his *well known* sentiments—so that nothing is betrayed. And the third reason is, that they are so well advanced and so ably advocated, that I think the exposition of them could not disturb or displease that distinguished person—even if such a fugitive sheet as mine should ever be wafted so far as to fall on the still and deep waters of his meditation.

an hour or two, wishing to change the theme, I took occasion of a pause to observe that in this great political agitation, poetry seemed to have died out entirely. He said it had; but that was not the only cause; for there had been, as he thought, some years ago an over-production and a surfeit.

Mr. W—— converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step, and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying. The subjects, the first evening I passed with him, were, as I have said, politics and poetry. He remarked afterward that although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours thought to the condition and prospects of society, for one to poetry. I replied that there appeared to me to be no contradiction in this, since the spirit of poetry is the spirit of humanity—since sympathy with humanity, and with all its fortunes, is an essential characteristic of poetry—and politics is one of the grandest forms under which the welfare of the human race presents itself.

In politics Mr. W—— professes to be a reformer, but upon the most deliberate plan and gradual scale; and he indulges in the most indignant and yet argumentative diatribes against the pres-

ent course of things in England, and in the saddest forebodings of what is to come. The tide is beating now against aristocracy and an established religion, and if it prevails, anarchy and irreligion must follow. He will see no other result; he has no confidence in the people; they are not fit to govern themselves—not yet certainly; public opinion, the foolish opinion of the depraved, ignorant, and conceited mass, ought not to be the law; it ought not to be expressed in laws; it ought not to be represented in government; the true representative government should represent the *mind* of a country, and that is not found in the mass, nor is it to be expressed by universal suffrage. Mr. W—— constantly protested against the example of America—as not being in point. He insisted that the state of society, the crowded population, the urgency of want, the tenures of property in England, made a totally different case from ours. He seemed evidently to admit, though he did not in terms, that hereditary rank and an established priesthood are indefensible in the broadest views of human rights and interests; but the argument for them is, that they cannot be removed without opening the door to greater evils—to the unrestrained license of the multitude—to incessant change, disorder, uncertainty, and finally to op-

pression and tyranny. He says the world is running mad with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums—whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart, and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them ; and upon the value, and preciousness, and indispensableness of religion, indeed, he talked very sagely, earnestly, and devoutly.

The next evening I went to tea to Mr. W——'s, on a hospitable invitation to come to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as I liked. The conversation very soon again ran upon politics. He thought there could be no independence in legislators who were dependant for their places upon the ever wavering breath of popular opinion, and he wanted my opinion about the fact in our country. I replied that as a secluded man and accustomed to look at the *morale* of these matters, I certainly had felt that there was likely to be, and probably was a great want of independence—that I had often expressed the apprehension that our distinguished men were almost necessarily acting under biasses that did not permit them to sit down in their closets and examine great political questions and measures, in a fair and philosophical spirit. Then, he said, how can there be any safety? I answered as I had fre-

quently said before, that our only safety lay in making the people wise: but I added that our practical politicians were accustomed to say, that there was a principle of safety in our conflicts, in the necessarily conflicting opinions of the mass—that they neutralized and balanced each other. I admitted, however, that there was danger; that all popular institutions involved danger; that freedom was a trust, and a perilous trust. Still I insisted that this was only an instance of a general principle; that all probation was perilous; that the greatest opportunity was always the greatest peril. I maintained, also, that think as we might of political liberty, there was no helping it; that in the civilized world, the course of opinion was irresistibly setting towards universal education and popular forms of government; and nothing was to be done but to direct, modify, and control the tendency. He fully admitted this; said that in other centuries some glorious results might be brought out, but that he saw nothing but darkness, disorder, and misery in the immediate prospect, and that all he could do was to cast himself on Providence. I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me that all good and wise men had a work to do. I said that I admitted, friend to popular institutions as I was, that the world was full of errors

•

about liberty ; that there was a mistake and madness about popular freedom, as if it were the grand panacea for all human ills, and that powerful pens were needed to guide the public mind ; and that the pen of genius could scarcely be more nobly employed. But he has no confidence in the body of the people, in their willingness to read what is wholesome, or to do what is right ; and this, I took the liberty to say, seemed to me the radical point on which he and I differed. I told him that there were large communities in America in whom I did confide, and that I believed other communities might be raised up to the same condition ; and that it appeared to me that it should be the grand effort of the world now, to raise up this mass to knowledge, to comfort, and virtue—since the mass was evidently ere long to rule for us.

After this conversation, Mr. W—— proposed a walk to Grassmere Lake, to see it after sunset ; and in that loveliest of all the scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, “ I thank you, sir, for bringing me here, at this hour ;” for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that

he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose, like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay as a mirror to reflect the serenity of heaven. The dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The farthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible. The mountain side had a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. W—— said, as if it were "*clothed with the air.*" Above all, was the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon—but warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermilion tints of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be travelled over

without the sight of one such spectacle as this—and all owing to the circumstances—the time—the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour, passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth!

Amid these lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmereland, nature seems to delight herself in contrasts, and that, as in many human works, is here perhaps the secret of power: the wildest mountains and mountain crags, with the sweetest valleys and dales amid them—as Borrowdale, Patterdale, Langdale, and sometimes one little sheltered spot, all verdure, only large enough for one farm—as in coming from Conniston through one of the Langdales; the roughest passes through mountain defiles, opening suddenly upon smooth and green vales, as in going from Buttermere to Borrowdale, or entering Patterdale from the south; a lake and a valley beneath your eye, and a world of mountains beyond, as in entering Keswick from the south: and then, when were ever seen such crystal streams—waters of such transparent and living purity!

All this, to be sure, is mere memorandum; but for the same purpose I will take up half a page, with marking my route, which was adopted on com-

petent advice, and may possibly be of service to some friend who shall follow me—which friend I advise to take for his excursion, as I did, a pony at Ambleside. From Ambleside, then, I went to Conniston and back—a day's ride; then, to Keswick; thence, a day's excursion, around through Newlands, by Buttermere, and Honister Crag—through Borrowdale, by the Bowder Stone—an immense rock, evidently fallen from the precipice above, sixty-two feet long, thirty-six high, eighty-nine round, weight, 1,971 tons—by Lowdore Falls, a little *nothing* for a fall—as were all the falls I went to see about here—scarcely any water, but a romantic little scene; back to Keswick by the shore of Derwent Water. This is the most beautiful part of the ride; the bold wooded islands in the lake, with the glades and cultivated swells beyond appearing between them, and Skiddaw in the background.

From Keswick to Lyulph's Tower on Ullswater—the first view of Ullswater very striking; the waters very dark; a dark, leaden coloured mountain rising up from the very edge of the water! a fine ride along down the shore, four miles, to Patterdale—through Patterdale, back to Ambleside. On the whole, perhaps, Ullswater presents more impressive scenery than any other lake. The scenery certainly is more bold.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the cottages, and of their situations about these lakes. So also the sailboats, passing in all directions, seen among the wooded islands and shooting out from behind the headlands, freighted with beauty, and mirth, and music, communicate an inexpressible life and charm to the scenery. And I fancy that such tokens of social happiness are very necessary to give these scenes the power they have, over the heart and imagination. It fills up the measure of the contrast. But that is not it—or it is not all. These signs of humanity and happiness make the scene image to us ourselves, as well as the Supreme Power. In the unvisited wilds of nature, in dell and grot, in grove and greensward untrodden by the footsteps of men, the mind is prone to imagine that fairy creatures walk; poetry has peopled them with life; the strong sympathy of the soul calls upon the whole creation to give it back, the image of itself.

AUGUST 3. I left the lake country and came down to Kendal.

The ride from Kendal to Lancaster is a pleasant one, especially about the banks of the Kent. At Lancaster is a castle, now turned into a jail, which belonged to the house of Lancaster, and was built in the reign of Edward III. The central tower,

the only portion of the old castle remaining, is square, and huge enough to have belonged to

“Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.”

It is called John of Gaunt's Chair. Appropriately to this title, there is from the top of the tower a very delightful prospect. A fine symbol of office for an old baronial sovereign—patriarch, chieftain, landlord, all in one; a tower for his chair, where he sits, a king farmer, to overlook the rich glebe, pasture and valley. Those forms of power, with the rough and sternhearted times that gave them birth, are passing away. May other and nobler forms arise to take their place!

CHAPTER V.

Railway from Liverpool—Manchester—Derbyshire—Chatsworth—Haddon Hall—Matlock—Scenery and Guides—Wellesley Castle—Lichfield—Birmingham—Musical Hall—Concerts in America—Kenilworth—Warwick—Stratford on Avon—Shakespeare.

RAILWAY from Liverpool. The tunnel disappointed me. It is not so great a work as I expected—not so long. The motion on the railway is so rapid as to set everything in the country about—houses, trees, groves—dancing a waltz. It seems as if the whole surrounding creation were revolving in circles—the distant objects going one way, and those nearest, the opposite way.

MANCHESTER—wrapped in the cloud of smoke proceeding from its innumerable manufactories. For the sole power is steam here ; every factory has its engine and its high chimney, sending out its dense, black volume of smoke, as it were, in the very face of the pure heavens—which foul mass of sulphurous vapours descends into the streets, infesting the nostrils, choking the lungs, blurring

the sight, clouding the vista, so that sometimes you can scarce see a hundred yards.

They say it rains oftener in Manchester than in any other place in the kingdom. I should think it. And, indeed, I have several times heard it observed of one city and another, that it rains oftener in them than in the surrounding country. So far as appearances are concerned, and, I think, comfort too, it is fortunate for *our* cities that the anthracite coal is to be the staple fuel.

BAKEWELL in DERBYSHIRE, AUGUST 6. In approaching Derbyshire, you leave the immense levels of Lancashire for a more diversified and beautiful country, and when you *enter* this county, the limestone cliffs, with deep hollows and vales worn between, appear everywhere—marking the country of the Peak.

It must be, I think, that the body of people in this country, the nine tenths, are less intelligent than the same body in our country. I certainly find more well-dressed and well-behaved people here who are ignorant, to an extent that would shame such looking people in America. For instance, I heard a very self-sufficient Scotchman here this evening, boasting of Walter Scott as his countryman, and yet very soon saying, that the scene of one of his novels could not be in Derby-

shire, because *none* of them was laid in England.* I have heard very plain, hard-working people in America, in the conversation of the barroom, quote Locke and Stewart. There are not so many books here—in the taverns, in the farmhouses, in the houses of the common people, on the shelves everywhere—as there are among us.

Have I spoken of women, working in the fields? Not in Ireland, nor in Wales only, but in Scotland and in England, this is constantly seen: not in harvest only—but they hoe, and dig, and delve, in all fields and at all seasons—sometimes four, five, ten—nay, twenty I have seen in a field. It must tend to give them a rough and coarse character; to their persons it certainly does.

While at Bakewell, I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and Haddon Hall, an ancient and deserted castle on the estates of the Duke of Rutland; one, five miles, and the other two miles distant.

Chatsworth is an immense castle, of the Ionic order, the oldest part built round a hollow square—the new part, a continuation, one story lower, of the rear block or portion, of the pile; and so extensive, that, when finished, there is to be a suite of rooms, through the whole of which the eye will

* Only an instance, I allow.

range at a single view, six hundred feet. The hall of entrance is from the hollow square ; the sides and ceiling painted in fresco, by Verrio and La Guerre. The ceilings, also, of the whole range of staterooms, on the second story, are painted in the same style, by the same artists. The designs are mythological. There cannot be less, in all, I should think, than five hundred figures—of gods and goddesses, in every possible attitude and predicament—pursuing, flying, fighting, making love, &c. As far as one can judge, who almost breaks his neck in looking upward, and looking at objects eighteen feet distant, the paintings, many of them, are beautifully executed. What must have become, by-the-by, of the necks and brains of the artists, looking upward while painting such an immense number of figures, I do not know. I must say that to my simple American taste, if not to any other taste, this appears to be a very improper exhibition—the forms being, generally, represented without any costume. The housekeeper, however, observed that these rooms now were never *used*, on any occasion.

I must just make a memorandum of some other things that struck me in going over the house. In the range of staterooms, the sculpture, by Cibber, of the alabaster and marble doorways, and the carving, by Gibbon, throughout are beautiful ; but of

the latter especially, the carving of birds, over and around the fireplace in the principal stateroom, quite exceeds anything of the kind I have seen, or could have conceived. There is a large number of paintings, but nothing that struck me much—a Henry VIII., by Holbein; a Holy Family, by Murillo; a piece by Salvator Rosa, but in so bad a light as to be lost, if it is anything. There are a great many statues. Canova's Hebe is here, and a copy of the Venus de Medici by Bartolini.

Chatsworth is situated on the Derwent, on a rising ground, with terraces before it, formed by walls of wrought stone, which walls are surmounted by balustrades of stone. There is a finely wooded hill in the rear. The view southward, through grand avenues of trees, of the vale of the Derwent, is most beautiful.

In the conservatory, there were splendid specimens of the India rubber plant and the fan palm; and there was the curious nepenthes, (pitcher plant,) which at the end of every branch has an actual pitcher growing, large enough to hold more than half a wineglass of water—said pitcher nicely fitted with a lid.*

* The reader may be pleased to see the following beautiful description of this plant from the French of Richard.

“*NEPENTHES* sont tous originaires de l'Inde ou de l'isle de

In the park were immense herds of cattle and of deer. The park is fourteen miles round ; besides which the Duke of Devonshire has large possessions in this neighbourhood. As I turned away from the fine range of buildings, the smooth-shaven grounds, the gay flower beds on the terraces, fenced round with chiselled stone, the noble groves with the water of two or three fountains, rising and falling in spray amid them, the vast range of the park, with the Derwent flowing through it, and above all, the rich and magnificent view southward, I thought that nothing could be more beautiful. But I had soon to correct my impression ; for Haddon

Madagascar. Leurs *feuilles* se terminent à leur sommet par un long filament qui porte une sorte d'urne creuse, d'une forme variable dans les diverses espèces, et recouverte à son sommet par un opercule qui s'ouvre et se ferme naturellement. Ces urnes ont toujours causé l'admiration des voyageurs, par le phénomène singulier qu'elles présentent. En effet, on les trouve presque constamment remplis d'une eau pure, claire, limpide, et très bonne à boire. Pendant quelque temps, on a cru que cet eau provenait de la rosée qui s'y accumulait ; mais comme leur ouverture est assez étroite et souvent fermée par l'opercule, on a reconnu que le liquide avait sa source dans une véritable *transpiration*, dont la surface interne de l'urne est le siège. C'est ordinairement pendant la nuit que l'urne se remplit, et dans cet état, l'opercule est généralement fermé. Pendant le jour, l'opercule se soulève, et l'eau diminue de moitié, soit qu'elle s'évapore, soit qu'elle soit résorbée."

Hall is more beautifully situated, and Wellesley Castle, Mr. Arkwright's seat, near Matlock, leaves it, in natural scenery, almost out of comparison.

Haddon Hall, two miles from Bakewell on the way to Matlock, is a very ancient seat, on a somewhat precipitous bank of the Wye. It has been built in successive periods by different families—the Peverils, the Avenels, the Vernons, and lastly the family of Manners. There are two hollow squares and some towers. The whole is in great preservation, and especially the tapestry. In the dress of some of the figures wrought into the tapestry, are seen the fashion, and several of the varieties, too, of the modern ladies' sleeve. I had thought before that it was entirely a modern monster. But it seems that there is nothing new under the sun. There is a large dancing hall, with a finely carved oaken wainscoting and cornice—in which Queen Elizabeth lead down the first measure. This hall was to-day put to a use which, amid desolation and ruin, startled me at first, almost as much as if the ghosts of her own royal train had risen before me. While I was wandering about the deserted walls and chambers, from that very hall the sound of a viol reached my ear: "I heard music and dancing!" I inquired "what these things meant;" and was told by the old guide, that he

occasionally gave liberty to the young people of Bakewell to come and dance here. He seemed vexed, however, to have them come, as if he personated the genius of the place : (his family indeed had lived here three hundred years, he told me :) but for my part, I could not at all sympathize with him ; for I was glad to feel this strange mingling together of death and life, of the past and present, of ruins and revels, of hoary decay and ever flourishing and happy youth, which reminds us at once of the ever passing fashion of this world, and the ever present beneficence of Heaven. A full length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, in gorgeous costume, looked down from the head of the hall upon the passing show of this world's pleasures—passing, but not more transient than the joys and splendours of her own life.

The view southward from Haddon Hall, the bold wooded bank on the left, the windings of the Wye, the lovely valley, the hills rising in the distance, make altogether one of the most romantic and beautiful scenes in the world.

But Matlock—sweet Matlock ! dare I talk of beauty when approaching thee ? It certainly is a spot of rare, if not unsurpassed loveliness. I shall not undertake to describe it—only in general as a sweet little valley, watered by the Derwent, sur-

rounded by cliffs the most romantic, of every form and position. But it is to be remembered that cliffs and precipices in this country are very different things from what they are with us. The moisture of the climate causes ivy, laurel, and every shrub and tree, to grow up their sides and to spring out from their very summits. The cliffs here, too, are of every shape; some of them rising perpendicularly like battlements or towers, bare in some places, covered with ivy in others, and waving out from their tops, green banners of luxuriant foliage; while between and through them you see the soft, deep, blue sky—softer, deeper, bluer, than it appears elsewhere; and would that it oftener had this aspect in this country of clouds, and rain, and smoke—for in this respect it is not to be compared with ours. I suppose this is the reason why Englishmen rave so much about the Italian sky. And I do not doubt that when cultivation and good roads have gone up among the wild and craggy places of our own country, as many beauties will be unveiled as are found here. And even here let it be remembered, for the comfort of you who stay at home, that all special beauty is but a small addition to the general beauty of nature. In another respect, you have the advantage. For sightseeing, travelling to see spectacles, is not favourable to

that calmness of mind, so in unison with nature, and that leisure, that revery mood of mind, which is necessary to "drink in the spectacle." This quotation from Wordsworth calls to mind what I heard a celebrated poet remark a few days ago, about some fine scenery he had lately been to visit. He was asked what he thought of it. He replied that he hardly knew what to say, for he doubted whether he felt the scene: there was company; and there were ladies to be assisted; there was not time enough, and there was not silence and contemplation; and one of the party wanted him to sit down in a certain place, *in order to feel the effect.*

Sometimes, too, the guides vex one sadly. At the Giants' Causeway, I thought, at first, that they would have torn us to pieces, literally stripped us naked like robbers, with their kind offers of assistance; and when we had selected one to get rid of the rest, he stood up in the boat, and with loud vociferation attempted to *direct our admiration*, first to one, and then to another of the wonders of nature; till I was obliged peremptorily to silence him, that we might have leisure and liberty to admire for ourselves.

I wish I could give you a sketch in pencil, of the woman at the falls of Stone Biers on the Clyde. As

we jumped from the coach, I saw her there ready for a start, and knowing that we didn't want her, I hastened down the path, quite upon the run at length; but she came in ahead at the critical point, when the falls burst in sight, and then stopping short, her costume, headgear, &c., scarcely obeying the command of the will to halt, she lifted up her hands, and outroared the cataract with exclamations, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

Guides are usually privileged persons, holding their situation from the proprietor of the grounds or the curiosities they exhibit. At the Matlock Cave, however, I found there was a double tax. I purchased a ticket down below for a sight of the cave, and that, I supposed, was the end of it. But when we came out, my guide, a very pretty young woman, who with a very naïve manner and accent had pointed out all the curious crystals and spars, fluor, dog teeth, lead, zinc, &c., said, with an equally naïve manner, "Please to remember the guide, sir?"

By-the-by, one of the peculiarities here is, that women do a thousand things that *men* do with us. They not only tend shop, but butchers' stalls, bar-rooms, and offices of the stage coach in the capacity of agents; they are often guides to waterfalls and other spots which are visited: and nearly half

of the people that I see in the streets of the villages and towns, are women.

Wellesley Castle near Matlock is a fine building in simple but very good taste, consisting of a main building, and wings set off a little from it, and small towers at each corner of both the main building and the wings. It is situated on a bold bank, east of the Derwent. Behind it, is a fine hill of cliffs and woods, laid out with beautiful walks; before, the Derwent, and over the river, in front, a noble range of cliffs; beyond these, a swell of rich and cultivated country, seen above them; and on the south, one of the finest prospects of valley and hill ever spread out to the eye.

LICHFIELD, AUGUST 8. It is curious that the moment you leave Derbyshire you leave the picturesque country, the country of hills and valleys, for a level tract, far more rich, though far less beautiful—a tract whose whole broad surface seems to be loaded with the wealth of agriculture. This is Staffordshire.

What legacies do men leave after them, that they little think of! There are certain spots, about which, in my wanderings through a strange land, I have felt as if they were a kind of home. Such is Lichfield, because Johnson was born here. So

I felt about the lakes, from the residence of living, familiar authors.

The cathedral here is not so large as the York Minster ; it is not so sublime : but the interior is, if possible, more beautiful. It has not indeed so much exquisite carving, and the stained glass is mostly modern, though very rich : but there is a keeping about the whole interior, a unity of design and similarity of finish, that are very grateful to the eye. The west front is very rich in sculpture, and the three spires, very delicate and beautiful. I visited the house, and saw the room in which Johnson was born ; and went to the schoolhouse, where Johnson, Addison, and Garrick were taught the rudiments : and where, if what Johnson says be as universally true as he makes it, "Latin was whipped" into Joseph, and Samuel, and David.

BIRMINGHAM, AUGUST 9. Visited the pin manufactory, the button, the japanning—so have others, who can tell you about them better than I can. The royal Clarence vase, made by the Lockharts here, was on exhibition : the mammoth of all baubles ; a most splendid thing. Weight, eight tons ; fourteen feet high ; twelve feet, the diameter of the basin ; capacity, nine hundred gallons ; cost, ten thousand pounds ; when taken apart to be removed, consisting of six thousand eight hundred pieces ;

made of cut glass laid upon gold, inlaid with enamel; and appears like burnished gold, enriched with jewels. It was expected that the late king would purchase it, but he died before it was finished. You will ask, for what use? I answer, for none, but that to which my eyes put it, for sixpence!

They are erecting in Birmingham a very large building for a town house, which promises to be one of the finest modern structures in the kingdom. One of the uses to which it is to be put, is that of furnishing accommodation for musical festivals. For this purpose an immense hall is reserved.

We have no such places in America for music; and it seems to me that our concerts are arranged and carried on, in some disregard of that circumstance. We have too much noise. Our orchestras are too powerful for our buildings. I will not say that they are too numerous; but it appears to me that the object of numbers in this case is overlooked. It is not to make a great noise—unless it be in occasional chorusses, of a particular character. It is, I conceive, that every performer may give softness to his instrument or his voice, by diminishing its strength. In buildings of an ordinary size, such as our churches, strength is the quality least required. One voice—that of the

preacher—fills the church, and that too while labouring under the impediments which distinct articulation and vocal utterance must throw in the way of loudness. Surely, then, one voice, in song, may fill a church. I do not deny that thirty singers *may* make better music than three; but, as matters stand in our country, I had rather take my chance with three. Responsibility is weakened by diffusion, and three persons pledged to this duty would give me a better guarantee for good music than thirty. At any rate they could not put in danger the very organs of hearing. I know of few situations more painful or absurd, than to be seated at a concert, within ten feet of an orchestra of a hundred singers, and as many instruments, and to be obliged to stand the onset of one of their chorusses. I cannot describe it; but I wish that Jack Downing would attend one of these concerts, and give an account of it. It is only to strip the occasion of the technical and conventional language in which it is usually described—wherein lies much of the humour of the Downing family, by-the-by—and it must appear to be one of the most ridiculous things in the world. What if one man had the strength of a hundred voices in him? Should we like to go to some one of our concert halls, and sit within ten feet of him, and listen to

him three hours in succession? But why not?—if mere loudness is so expressive and pleasing. We might have a platoon of soldiers to fire blank cartridges before us all the evening. It would be a great noise, and give us a great idea—of something or other. And that, I fancy, is all the idea that most persons get from most of these deafening chorusses. The aspect of an assembly, stunned, drowned, dumbfounded, with this visitation—of the elements (of sound)—sufficiently shows, that they have found the pleasure they sought very trying to bear. But when the soft solo or duet pours in its sweet melody, how does every heart thrill, and every eye kindle and melt! It is a trembling snatch of pleasure, however, held in instant dread of the thundering wave that is coming. I am ignorant and have not inquired; but perhaps that is the very design of the chorus—to enhance the effect of real music!

Save that which is imported—when shall we have real music in America? It is scarcely too much to say, that nineteen twentieths of all the instruction and expense bestowed upon the art among us, is thrown away. Not one young girl in fifty, I am afraid, who is taught music, is ever taught or lead to pour her soul into her song; and what music can there be without that? If music

is a cultivation of the fingers only, not of the soul—if it is not at once the instrument and offspring of intellectual and moral refinement, it is nothing worth. I may be told that many of the best performers have been low-minded and vicious persons. There may have been that unfortunate contrariety, too often seen, between their practice and their sentiments. But it will not do, I think, to say that the highest efforts of music may be reached without a high susceptibility of this nature.

Germany has laid the only sufficient basis for a national taste and talent in this art, by introducing its rudiments into the system of popular education. Would that some of those many idle and weary half hours now passed in our common schools, might be employed in singing the sweet old ballads of England and holy Psalms. What a beautiful form of worship would it be for a school of little children!

Kenilworth Castle—a very majestic ruin; the whole not in such good preservation as Conway or Caernarvon; but particular parts, ranges, and windows, much more perfect. It is curious that Leicester's part, the latest built, is in the most ruinous condition. The lake is drained, and the towers of the gateway, by which Elizabeth entered on the great occasion of her celebrated visit

to the Earl of Leicester, are fallen. It was not the principal gate of entrance; but was chosen that she might pass by the lake and receive the homage of the fantastic water gods. This lake was on the west side—a small stream now flows through its bed—and with that to diversify the scenery, it must, in that quarter, have presented a noble landscape. The park was formerly twenty miles round; but is now pasture and ploughed fields.

The walls of the buildings left standing are very lofty; but the ivy creeps to the very top, surmounts the loftiest towers, and spreads its living screen and soft curtaining over the richly carved windows. The banqueting hall was eighty-four feet long by forty-eight broad, and its windows twenty-seven feet high. Alas! the feast and the song are gone; the gathering of nobles and the flourish of trumpets are here no more; but instead of them, I heard a single bugle horn at a distance that came softly up among the crumbling walls and mouldering arches, as if to wail over their desolations; and here and there, in the courtyards, I saw picnic parties, carelessly seated on the grass, as if in mockery of the proud and guarded festivities and grandeurs of former days. I thought with myself, that they must be more familiar with the

spot than I was, to be able to sit down, and “eat, drink, and be merry.”

Warwick Castle, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, is, in its appearance from the inner courtyard, far the most majestic, magnificent castle I have seen; altogether more imposing and impressive. Its range of building, its noble towers, and one of them particularly—rising amid imbowering cedars and banks of ivy—must be seen, to be felt or understood. The walks, and grounds, and woods beyond, are in keeping with all the rest; not looking as if everything was handled, and shaped, and trimmed, and shaven down, with elaborate art; but full of nature’s beauty, with just enough of man’s taste and management to open that beauty to the eye. The celebrated marble vase dug up from the villa of Adrian, is in the greenhouse amid the grounds.

The interior of the palace corresponds very well with the character of the whole establishment; a very grand hall of entrance, paved with marble, and hung round with ancient armour of the Warwick family; the rooms all supplied with very rich and massive furniture, and especially with many tables, stands, &c., of every form and fashion, in the style of work called *pietra dura*, i. e. a kind of coarse mosaic work, or inlaying of variegated

marbles. A great number of really fine portraits—several Vandykes, some Murillos; and one Raphael—portrait of a lady—very Madonnalike and beautiful; some lions of Rubens; and a Henry VIII. of Holbein.

At the Lodge we were shown Guy of Warwick's porridge pot, about as large as a common potash kettle; and his hook, a sort of pitchfork, to fish up dinner from the caldron; also, his two-handed sword; his walking stick, big enough for Polyphemus; the armour of his horse—breast-plate, headpiece or helmet, &c., &c.

STRATFORD ON AVON. Shakspeare's house and tomb; and the site of the house (his own house) in which he died.

I have a strange feeling about Shakspeare, that I never heard anybody express. Though he is seated, by the admiration of mankind, upon an inaccessible height, yet there never was a being among the great men of the world, whom I have felt, if he were living, that I could so easily approach, and so familiarly converse with. He impresses me with awe, he fills me with a sort of astonishment, when I read him; yet he draws my love and confidence in such a way, that it seems to me I should not have feared him at all; but could have met him at the corner of the street, or

have sat down with him on the first convenient rail of a fence, and talked with him as freely as with my father. What is this? Is it that the truly loftiest genius is imbued and identified, more than any other, with the spirit of our common humanity? Is it that the noblest intellect is ever the most simple, unsophisticated, unpretending, and kindly? Or, is it that Shakspeare's works were a household treasure—his name a household word—from my childhood? It may be, that all of these reasons have had their influence. And yet if I were to state what seems to me to be the chief reasons, I should put down these two words—unconsciousness—of which Thomas Carlyle has so nobly written, as one of the traits of genius—*unconsciousness* and *humanity*. He was unconscious of his greatness, and therefore would not have demanded reverence. He was an absolute impersonation of the whole spirit of humanity, and therefore he is, as it were, but a part of one's self.

If anything were wanted to contrast with the nobleness of Shakspeare, it might be found in a horrible act of meanness perpetrated here, which must draw from every visiter to this place, scarcely less than his execration. Shakspeare's house fell, after his death, into the hands of a clergyman—whose name—but let his name perish! This man,

being annoyed by the frequent visits of strangers to a mulberry tree before the house, first caused that to be cut down. And then, vexed by the levy of a poor rate upon the house, he angrily declared that it should never pay taxes again, and razed it to the ground !

CHAPTER VI.

**Blenheim—Oxford, its Colleges and Chapels—National Health
—Ill Health of our People in America—Causes—Remedies.**

BLENHHEIM CASTLE AND PARK IN WOODSTOCK—
the present of the nation to Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim. The structure is immense, built on three sides of a square; the principal range of building one hundred and eighty feet long, and the side ranges nearly as much. The park is not larger than some others, nor so large; but it appears more extensive, from the openings through the trees—not vistas—but openings through groves and clumps of trees, in various directions, and extending, apparently, almost as far as the eye can reach.

On the borders of an artificial lake, and upon a fine swell of land, stood the old royal residence, celebrated in Scott's novel, "Woodstock." Nothing now remains to mark the spot, but two large sycamores, planted when the castle was demol-

ished, and Rosamond's well. There are some remarkable oaks with immense trunks, (one twenty-seven feet in circumference,) said to be as old as Henry the Seventh, standing in a distant part of the park. By-the-by, the principal trees in all the parks of England, and all over the country, indeed, are the oak and the beech. There are some cedars of Lebanon, yews, &c.; but few elms, and none that I have seen to compare with ours on the Housatonic and Connecticut.

The chief attraction of this palace is found in its paintings. It is the first fine collection that I have seen. There is a suite of rooms, four or five hundred feet long, filled with pictures—many of them by the first masters, Vandyck, Rubens, Carlo Dolce, Titian, Teniers, Rembrandt, Guido, &c. Nothing, I think, struck me so much as a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. There is also a very striking full length portrait by Kneller, of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough—a very beautiful face, but looking as if it might easily furnish expression to all the fiery passions ascribed to her.

The library surpasses every room that I have seen, for magnificence; the walls, the alcoves, the doorways, all of marble—the room probably two hundred feet long, and thirty feet high—seventeen

thousand volumes. The library looks upon the private gardens.

The chapel contains a magnificent marble monument of the first duke and duchess of Marlborough.

On the road to Oxford, I saw for the first time, in travelling more than a thousand miles, wooden fences; in this country they are always stone, or turf, or hedges. Neither have I seen a shingle in the kingdom; but always slate, tiles, stone, or thatch. Multitudes of women are to be seen everywhere, gleaning the harvest fields—sometimes fifty, seventy, in a field. They pick up what remains after the reaper, straw by straw, till they get a large bundle, and then carry it home on their heads. The harvests consist of wheat, barley, and oats. No Indian corn is grown here.

OXFORD, (AUGUST 14)—a city of spires, pinnacles, and Gothic towers, rising amid groves of trees. The twenty colleges, i. e. ranges and quadrangles of ancient buildings, mostly in the Gothic style, are amazingly impressive. Several of them have beautiful gardens and walks, and some of them are quite extensive.

It is in vain to begin with Oxford; a week would not suffice for a description; and no description could tell what a walk is among these

glorious old quadrangles. Yet I cannot pass, without paying a tribute to the unequalled chapels of Oxford. In that of New College, there is an alterpiece, by Westmacott, well worth perusing—representing, in successive pieces, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Descent from the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. The varying expression in the countenance of the Virgin, is very striking and affecting. But the chapel of Magdalen College, the interior but just finished, is, in the substantial parts, the crowning beauty of all the chapels: the entire walls of polished stone—the screen of stone, most exquisitely carved; the whole wall over the altar, with three ranges of niches and canopies, and surmounted by a *noli me tangere*, all carved in the same manner.

There is a *noli me tangere*—"touch me not"—by Mengs, in the All Souls' College chapel, about which I lingered for some time. The considerate, fixed, compassionate look of Jesus—superiority painted in the face, yet shaded by a human tenderness—and, in Mary's countenance, as she kneels and stretches out her hand, something of surprise, great eagerness repressed by deep awe—the delicate suffusion of the eye—a suffusion, not with tears, but as if the blood were starting through every fine and invisible pore, in and about

the eye—it was something to gaze upon, and turn back to, for a last look.

I do not know that I shall find a more fit place than under the shadow of these college walls, to say some things that I wish to say on the subject of national health—for it especially concerns our students.

This subject drew my attention on landing in England, and has impressed me at every step. We have nothing among us like the aspect of health that prevails here—the solid, substantial, rotund, rubicund appearance of all classes. We are, in comparison, a thin, delicate, pale-faced people. We are, I am sometimes tempted to say, a nation of invalids in the comparison. The contrast is great and striking between the labouring classes of the two countries; but it is yet greater and more remarkable between the women, merchants, and men of study. I could scarcely have believed in the difference if I had not seen it. Besides, all health is relative, and “very well” in England must mean something, I think, considerably different from “very well” in America; not to say, also, that the “very well” of common parlance is frequently found, on more minute and friendly inquiry, to be quite distant from the truth.

Much, though not by any means all of this differ-

ence, is doubtless owing to our climate. When I was coming abroad I was desired by an eminent physician to inquire what it is, in the habits or circumstances of foreign students, that enables them to accomplish so much more study than we do, and at the same time to live longer and in the enjoyment of better health. I *have* inquired; and I certainly can find nothing in their habits that should give them such advantages over us. They are not more temperate and abstemious than we are; I should think the reverse is the fact. They seem to have no occasion for paying such regard to matters of regimen and diet as we do. They certainly talk less about them, and think less about them, than we do. There are no hardier or healthier students in the world than those of Germany; and it is well known that they are not remarkably cautious about their modes of living. But then, in Europe they do not experience the extremes of temperature, and especially the sudden changes, that we do in America. For myself, I have observed, that that temperature, whether hot or cold, which continues longest of an equable character, is most favourable to exertion. It is our autumn, and especially our spring, with its frequent and sudden alternations of sometimes twenty and thirty degrees in a day, that seems to tear the con-

stitution to pieces. I lately met with an observation of the celebrated Blumenbach, to the same purpose. He was asked what was the cause of the extraordinary health of the German students : and he answered that it was the equable climate which they either had, or, by means of the Russian stove *made*, for themselves the year round.

There are, indeed, other differences. All thinking in our country is brought into immediate connection with the actual interests of society, and is therefore apt to be more exciting, anxious, and exhausting. The mind of the country runs to politics, controversies, reforms. We have but few students among us, who are quietly engaged in the pursuits of abstract science, without a thought beyond them. We have none perhaps like Blumenbach himself, spending life in pleasing studies of insects, in calm and retired contemplations of holy and beautiful nature ; else we possibly might have some like him, who could study sixteen hours a day, and find a green old age at eighty.

There are yet other differences which affect a wider circle of society among us. We are an anxious people. The paths of competition in our country are wide and free. Hence no man among us is satisfied with his condition. Every man is striving to rise. Every man is ambitious : and

many are discontented and sad. These things weigh upon the heart, and wear upon the springs of life. I do not say that this is a bad condition ; I think it favourable to improvement ; but I say that it is trying both to health and virtue. At the same time we have fewer sports and holydays than any other people ; and what we have, are falling into disrepute. The national mind wants buoyancy ; and buoyancy of spirit is one of the most essential springs of health.

I am inclined, also, to impute something to our modes of living. The Bonapartean style of dining doubtless prevails among our busy citizens, more than the physician would advise. The silent and awful celerity with which our meals are despatched, is not altogether a steamboat or stage-house horror. But this rapidity of eating does not arise, I imagine, from any peculiar voracity of the American *genus*. We are a very busy people ; and as such, I think, we arrange our times of eating very unadvisedly. Dinner in our cities at present is unfortunately in a state of transition, from the old customs of the New World, to the new customs of the Old World. It has now arrived at the hour of three or four o'clock. It will be far better for health, when it has fairly reached the destined goal of six or seven ; when the merchant or the student

shall come to his dinner as the grand family reunion of the day—"all studies solemnly defied," all cares locked up in the countingroom—when he shall actually *eat less* because he has *more time*, (the physician can explain that)—when there may be some chance of enlivening and elevating that humble but necessary occupation, with sprightly or grave discourse—and when it may be followed, not with a hasty walk to the warehouse, or an anxious retreat to the study, but with those domestic or social engagements and recreations which will promote digestion, cheerfulness, refinement, virtue, and happiness, altogether.

I must add a word upon our modes of dress. With a climate twice as trying as that of England, we are, on this point, twice as negligent. Whether there is actual violence done to the form in the absurd attempt to make it genteel, I will not undertake to decide ; but certainly the bust of an English woman shows that it never was, and never could have been subjected to those awful processes of girding, which must have been applied in many cases to produce what we see among us. At any rate, the fearful prevalence of consumptions in our country, is an admonition of our duty on this subject of dress, that ought not to be disregarded. And especially in a country where no limits are

set to fashionable imitation—where a man is very liable to mistake upon the door step, his domestic for his wife or daughter—this is a subject that comes home to every family, whether low or high, and comes too in the most palpable forms of interest—in the suffering and expense of sickness, and in the bitterness of bereavement.

But consumption and death are not the only alarming forms in which the subject of female health presents itself. Let any one look at the women of America, and, with all their far-famed delicacy and beauty, let him tell me what he thinks of them, as the mothers of future generations? What are the prospects of the national constitution and health, as they are to be read in the thousands of pale faces and slender forms, unfit for the duties of maternity, which we see around us? Let any one go with this question to their nurseries, and he will see the beginning of things to come. Let him go to the schools, and he will turn over another leaf in the book of prophecy. Oh! for a sight at home, of the beautiful groups of children that are constantly seen in England, with their rosy cheeks and robust frames!

I may seem to be speaking in terms more earnest and admonitory than there is occasion for; but I am persuaded that the public mind among

us, is by no means possessed with the full importance of this subject, nor with the extent of the evil referred to. I ask any man to cast about his thoughts upon the circle of his female acquaintances, and by some inquiry of their physician or of their particular friends to assist him if necessary, to ascertain what is the real state of their health. The result, I have no doubt, he will find to be, that three out of four, perhaps six out of seven, are, most of the year, unwell—ailing, complaining, feeble, suffering. Certainly more than half of the female population of our country are suffering, either with dyspepsy, or with nervous disorders, or with symptoms of consumption, or with some unaccountable failure of strength, or with some of the many other forms of disease incident to retired and sedentary habits. If any one thinks this statement extravagant, I will only again desire him to make out the list of his acquaintances, and see how it stands. Neither do I say, on the other hand, that everybody is well, in any country. But I do consider the case of our own, in this respect, to be very peculiar.*

* I heard the other day the following fireside conversation :—

Doctor, will you please to look at that girl's tongue ?

Doctor. It is very much coated.

Mother. It almost always is, more or less.

If it be so, certainly it would not be easy with any words to overrate the importance of the subject. Why, it would not be difficult to swell it to the importance of "the temperance cause" itself—let it only have for a while the same exclusive and concentrated view fixed upon it. It is not posterity alone that comes into the account; it is not present misery alone; it is vice also. How many have been driven to that very intemperance of which so much is said, and so justly—how many have been repelled from their home, and carried to places of evil resort, by ill health, by low spirits, by a sad and complaining face there, that bereft home of all its charms!

Can nothing be done? If I had thought so, I would have said nothing. But I believe that much can be done, if attention can be aroused to the subject.

We have, doubtless, an unpropitious climate. It is unfavourable to the necessary out-of-door exercise. We have no such habits in this respect as the English—nothing approaching to them;

Doctor. Oh! I never saw the tongue of an American woman that was not.

All. Why, what do you mean?

Doctor. I mean what I say; that I scarcely ever saw the tongue of an American female that did not show that mark of ill health.

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and the difference is doubtless owing to our climate. In the summer it is too hot for exercise; in the winter it is too cold; in the spring, it is too variable. The autumn, indeed, is favourable; but that is too short a season to form habits which shall bear up against the adverse influences of the whole year.

What, then, is to be done? I answer that an effort must be made proportioned to the difficulties that are to be overcome. Exercise, out of doors, *can* be taken in our climate the year round; as there are some good examples to prove. I am told, indeed, that some improvement is already taking place in the habits of our American ladies in this respect.

And many things besides this can be done. Clothing can be better adapted to the purposes of exercise in, and defence against our climate. We want more of the foreign liberty of walking out, without being in full dress. I am sorry to observe the prejudice of fashion against the India rubber shoe—actual instrument for advancing civilization, as I consider it—promoter of society—which stands instead of carriages, and horses, and servants, if it were but duly appreciated and used. To go back a step: our children should be brought up on plain fare in the nursery; they should be

constantly inured to the climate as they grow up ; at a later period they should not be made victims to the hard studies of fashionable schools ; and when they are sent into the world, they should not be sacrificed to the follies of fashionable dress and dissipation.

If there is any conscience in the country, these things must, at length, come to be regarded. The claims of the present, and of future generations ; the most essential welfare of the nation, and the dearest happiness of beings unborn ; the anxieties and sorrows of husbands, fathers, and friends, call upon the women of our country to regard the care of their health as an *absolute duty* !

CHAPTER VII.

Slough—Stoke Park—The Churchyard of Gray's Elegy—Windsor Castle—Church Establishment in England—Claims of the Dissenters—The Voluntary Principle—Effect of an Establishment upon the state of Religion—Ramohun Roy—Effect of an Establishment upon the Character of the Clergy—Position of the Clergy in America—Danger of subserviency to Popular Opinion—*General liability of the same character.*

AUGUST 14. I came down to Slough to-day, and stopped for the night, that I might to-morrow visit Windsor Castle, two miles distant. In the direction opposite to the castle, and about the same distance, is Stoke Park, within the bounds of which is the church (the Stoke parish church) and the churchyard, upon which Gray is said to have composed his celebrated Elegy; and near at hand is his monument. After I had taken my tea, I determined to walk to the spot.

It was some time after sunset when I arrived there; a glow in the western sky spread a solemn hue over all objects, but scarcely penetrated the deep shadow of the groves. I could not have

chosen an hour more fit for such a visit ; nor could any place be more fit for such meditations as those of Gray's Elegy. The church is one of those singular structures so common in England, which seem to consist of several buildings clustered together without any order or plan. It has a pretty spire, which rises, with picturesque effect, amid the trees that surround the place on all sides, except that of the approach. The churchyard is full of the swelling mounds, mentioned in the Elegy, and there, too, stands the "venerable yew." The monument appears in the distance, through the opening by which you approach. It is a simple, square block, with a sort of oblong urn on the top. One of the four sides bears the name, age, &c., and mentions that the poet's remains sleep in the neighbouring churchyard, in the same tomb with his mother's, and bearing no other than the affectionate inscription by which he commemorated *her* virtues. It was so dark when I arrived at the churchyard, that I could only read the words "careful and tender mother"—yet what a wealth of affection, what a world of solicitude and love, what a life of cares never to be repaid nor described, do those few words set forth !

It was among the last shadows of the late evening twilight that I commenced my walk homeward

—if, alas ! a traveller's home can be called home at all. As I left the park, one of those contrasts presented itself which "the lights and shadows" of life are so constantly depicting upon the many-coloured web of our reflections. Windsor Castle, seen in the distance, was just then lighted up for the evening. "What care we," I said, "who built its mighty towers, compared with the interest we feel in him, who built the simple rhyme of the Elegy on this country churchyard ! I had rather take my chance for fame in these few lines, which genius in its holy hour of inspiration has written, than in all that the royal masters of Windsor Castle have done, during the varied and anxious lives which have fretted themselves away, till the exclamation has arisen, as it did from the dying bed of George the Fourth, 'Oh God ! this is death !'"

I should have mentioned that three sides of Gray's monument bear appropriate inscriptions from his own verses, two of them were from the Elegy, the other I cannot refer to.

On one side were the following stanzas :—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell, for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed
 The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Another side bore these :—

"One morn I miss'd him from the 'custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his favourite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn.

His monument, looking towards the churchyard, still seemed to be uttering the language of his living thoughts. It was long, I assure you, as I turned back from this spot, before I dropped the folded arms, and fell into the commonplace gait of this worldly journey.

WINDSOR CASTLE, AUGUST 15. I found the staterooms shut up, in preparation for fetes about to be given on occasion of the king's birthday, next week. I could therefore only walk around the castle, and go into St. George's Chapel : which I did during the daily morning service. I asked an attendant (a sort of sexton or keeper, several of whom are always connected with, and usually

found about all the cathedrals) whether the king was present at this daily worship; and was answered, that he attended only on Sunday. The royal family pew is in a sort of screened gallery. The chapel is a beautiful specimen of showy Gothic, consisting of a nave and choir. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung in the choir; the carved canopies in oak are very rich, and as old as Henry the Sixth.

Nothing seems to me more sad than these daily cathedral or chapel services, as I have usually seen them; a few official persons with the singers make half of the attendance; the music, the singing, always very admirable, the result of constant practice—the glorious structure, the carved work, the appertenances, so to speak, of the service—all beautiful, all rich, all fitted to touch the imagination and move the heart: but here is the sadness—it seems all to be gone through as a form; the singing men and boys perform their part like automations; the reading and chanting of the service (and the reading is a sort of chanting) seems not to be aided by one particle of unction. In a high state of devotional excitement, I can very well conceive of it as natural to sing out one's thoughts; but this sort of utterance without the excitement appears something dismal and distressing.

Windsor Castle has an aspect of firmness and durability beyond any I have seen in England. The stone of which it is built is apparently harder—for all the building stone in England is very soft. It is this, I think, that accounts for the vast amount of Gothic work—the thousands of chiselled pillars and pinnacles—which never would have been done in granite. If the buildings of England *were* in granite or marble, it would be far more rich in architectural treasures. Now they are, wherever exposed to the weather, fast mouldering away.

Windsor Castle is surrounded on every side by gravelled walks and terraces, from which there are fine views. It looked to me like a joyless place of abode—no retirements—no bowers—no shaded walks, immediately adjoining it: a little garden is on the side of the private apartments, but its shrubbery is not high enough to furnish any screen or drapery to the fifteen or twenty statues placed in it.

LONDON, AUGUST 16. London I must leave till a future day, as I set off in a week for the Continent.

In the mean time, I shall indulge here in some of the many reflections which six weeks in England have forced upon me. One of the subjects which not only the existing state of things, but

which continual conversation, at the present moment, urges upon the attention of the American traveller, is the different method adopted in England and America, for the public support of religion.

In England Christianity is established and supported by law, and it is established in a particular form. With us it is sustained by the voluntary contribution of individuals, and no preference is given to any sect.

The question between these two modes of proceeding is likely to become in England one of the most agitating interest, and of the most profound importance. In proportion as the people are better informed—in proportion as they read and think more, they are likely to differ from one another more widely, at least on minor points of doctrine and ritual. And with every step of this progress, the demand for religious freedom must grow stronger. And with the growth of this demand, and of juster ideas of religion, it will be more and more felt, that the voluntary and the impartial plan of supporting religious institutions, is, in principle, the most reasonable, the most tolerant, and the most congenial with the spirit of Christianity. So that the only question will be, whether religion can be supported in this manner. . .

This particular question is becoming, at the present moment, one of great interest in England. The dissenters are demanding to be relieved from their burdens. Petitions to parliament, either for an entire abolition of the union between church and state, or for an essential modification of that union, have, it is well known, become matters of almost everyday occurrence. There is a determination on this point, which must at length succeed; and I must say, indeed, from my own impressions about the hardship of the case, that if the dissenters—if those whose consciences and property and personal respectability are alike invaded by the church establishment, will not cause their voice and the voice of justice to be heard, they deserve to be oppressed! It is in vain to talk about the revenues of the church as a bequest from former times, sacred from all profane hands. It is true; but it is nothing to the purpose. It is true; but whose *are* the profane hands? If the church endowments were a bequest for the benefit of any particular class of Christians, it was for the Catholics. The largest portion of them were actually Catholic endowments. If it is proper that they should be diverted from that original design at all, it ought at least to be done in aid and furtherance of the whole religion of the country.

Is one half of the people to be visited with the forfeiture of these advantages, for their honest dissent? Suppose that the attendants on the Episcopal churches should dwindle away to a tenth part of the population. Suppose that its adherents should not number but a thousand persons in the kingdom. Would it be right that these persons should monopolize all the immense revenues of the church? Would the country endure such a body of ecclesiastical princes, presiding over deserted cathedrals? or would it endure the argument that should undertake to sustain them in such a position?

I would not advocate the abolition of tithes, but their distribution among all the religious sects of the country, in the proportion of their numbers. This, of course, would leave much to be done by the voluntary principle; and cannot that principle be trusted to do much, in a country where half of the population are nobly supporting their own pastors, and paying tithes to pastors of another flock? And what now is the reward of this noble behaviour? I am a stranger in the country, and may err; but it appears to me that there is a good deal of church scorn here. No man, I think, can travel through this country without knowing that the dissenters are frequently treated in a manner amount-

ing to absolute indignity! As to the *injustice* of the system, it is well known. The dissenter is excluded from the universities. In fact, he can neither be born, nor baptized, nor married, nor buried, but under the opprobrium of the law.*

And now what is alleged in defence of this state of things? No principle or pretence of justice that ever I have heard, but only the principle of expediency. It is said that monopoly and exclusion here are necessary. It is said that religion cannot be supported in dignity and honour, without ample endowments and rich benefices. It is said that no reliance whatever can be placed upon the voluntary principle. It is constantly alleged that America has failed in the attempt to sustain religion upon that basis.

This question will make our religious statistics—an account, that is to say, of the number of our churches and the number of their attendants, and of the salaries of their pastors—a matter of very great importance. When this account is made out, I have no doubt that it will redound to the triumph of the voluntary principle. I have no

* That is to say, there can be no legal registration of his birth; his baptismal certificate does not entitle him to legal marriage; and he can receive neither marriage nor burial from the hands of his own pastor.

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doubt it will appear, that, in proportion to the population, more people attend church in America, and larger funds are raised for the support of public worship and instruction, than in any other country. I have no doubt it will appear that religion may be left for its support to the feelings which it inspires in the world; that it needs, no more than science or literature, the patronage of governments; that it may, in fine, be safely confided to the care of Heaven, and to the piety of its children.

But it is not enough to say that religion does not want the state; it is injured by the state. It always suffers from its union with the state. State patronage tends to give religion a mercenary and a mechanical character. Religion is liable to lose something of its vital character, when it is made to depend on a compulsory support. And it ceases, moreover, to be a common interest, when its affairs are managed, when its institutions are regulated, and its officers are appointed, by a few.

Government has no business to intermeddle with religion. It may extend a general countenance and fostering care to it, as it may to learning and the arts. But it might as well, as fitly, undertake to prescribe what men shall think about matters of science, or what shall be the laws of criticism

and taste, as to prescribe religious creeds and the methods of enforcing them. The proper business of government is to take charge of the political and civil interests of a kingdom. The moment they enter into the interior departments of the mind—those interior regions of thought and feeling, where the mind for itself, and in perfect freedom, must work out its own welfare—they show that they are entirely out of their sphere, by their complete inefficiency to do good, and their powerful efficiency to do evil.

Is not this one reason, in fact, why Christianity has failed to set up that empire in the minds of men, which it was evidently designed and destined to obtain? Is it not, in part, because its pure, simple, solemn authority has been enfeebled by the intervention of political patronage and influence? Has it not been ambitious to make itself strong, not in men's consciences, but in establishments, and enactments, and creeds, and forms? Has it not thus been made a worldly interest, rather than a spiritual conviction? a due observance of rites, rather than a strict practice of virtues? a creed rather than a faith, and an institution rather than an action—the great action of life? Has not the effect of state interposition been in fact to sever religion from the heart—since it has taken religion

into its own keeping, and will not trust it to the care, or free examination, of individual minds; since it has mystified and disguised the simple matter of keeping the heart, which is the whole matter of Christianity, with tests and prescriptions, and with state machinery of all sorts; so that inward virtue has been accounted nothing, by the temporal power, in comparison with outward compliance; so that the former, if it chance to be coupled with dissent, has been marked out for injury and disgrace, while the latter, however unprincipled, has been the passport to the highest honours, privileges, and trusts!

However this may be, there certainly is an amazing insensibility in the world to the spiritual character of Christianity, which seems to require some special reasons to account for it. And I must venture to say, that bad as the case is with us in America, it seems to me considerably worse in this country. Whoever shall visit this, the most religious nation in Europe, will find an acknowledged neglect of religion and laxity of morals among the higher classes, an acknowledged ignorance of religion and inattention to its rites among the lower classes; yes, and an acknowledged coldness and mercenary spirit among many of the established clergy of this country, that will fill his

mind with painful emotions, if not with painful questions.*

* I can never forget the effect of this spectacle, as I observed it, upon the mind of that celebrated Indian philosopher and Christian, who, instead of being permitted to fulfil the hopes of multitudes in a life of eminent usefulness, was destined to fall in the midst of his philanthropic labours, and to leave his remains to sleep far from his kindred, in the bosom of a strange land. There was something—I may say here, since it is not altogether foreign to my purpose in introducing him—there was something touching in the very appearance, and certainly in the fate of this distinguished stranger, when viewed in contrast with the climate and country which he came to visit, and in which, as it proved, he came to die. A child of the soft Indian clime, with all the guileless simplicity and tenderness of a child ; with a mind and a frame flexible and swayed to each gentler impulse, as if it were to the soft, luxurious, Asiatic breeze of his own native valleys ; with an all-embracing philanthropy, of which his oriental manners, all freedom and tenderness, were the fit expression—he appeared to me, amid the cold regions alike, and cold manners of the North, as a being dragged from some more genial sphere ; and there was something touching, almost as if it were cruel, in the fate, by which such a being was destined to sink beneath a clime, and to mingle his dust with a country, that were not his, nor, in any respect, like his own.

I must not, however, here linger upon the person and manners of this great and good man, but hasten to observe that one of the most interesting private purposes, with which Rammohun Roy came to Europe, was to witness a practical illustration of Christianity. He had revolved the truths of this pure and sublime system in his mind at home—the beautiful theory, the perfect

Must I confess that this deficiency seems especially to attach to the clerical function? Yet such is my conviction. The pulpit is not—no, it is not in any country, answering the call which the

model was in his thoughts, and it was not yet brought down to be reconciled, and partly identified with an unworthy practice, unworthily called Christian—and what now, will it be supposed, were Rammohun Roy's impressions, on surveying the religion of Christendom? I may further premise that his interest in Christianity seemed as earnest and as vital as any I ever witnessed. It was evidently far more than a speculative faith with him. It seemed to be the absorbing feeling of his whole mind and heart. With such views and feelings, then, his impressions on witnessing the illustration which Christians are actually giving of their religion, were those of the deepest disappointment and the most profound sadness. There was nothing in him of that peevish or angry complaint, still less of that haughty reproach, which is so often found to accompany a depreciatory estimate of the virtues of Christians; but it was a pure, philanthropic, generous, Christian sadness. It was the sadness of sympathy, and disappointment, and wonder. He spoke of the spiritual lives that Christians ought to lead, and of the sacred and dear ties between them, and of the office of the clergy, and of their parochial relations, as if he perfectly understood all these things—as if the holy book and his own heart had perfectly taught him; and he lamented, with the most touching fervour and tenderness, the want of these things in England. I would the whole world of Christians could have heard this affectionate disciple from the banks of the Ganges, and have taken the lesson and the law from his lips.

human heart has a right to make upon it, and which the awakened mind of the world is now making with double earnestness. The priesthood is an institution of no practical efficiency commensurate with its power. Though it can scarcely be said of the clergy of America, I think—though it ought not to be alleged against the *working* clergy of England—yet of the whole body of the priesthood in the world, it must be confessed that it does not work enough; it does not show enough industry, intellectual or active; it does not in any way accomplish enough. Still less does it work with the requisite energy and unction. The heart, the soul of the priesthood is not aroused as it ought to be, to its great vocation.

And why is it thus? Why is the priest this dull, formal being—a cold preacher, a mere performer of rites—a negligent worker in the labours of his great calling? Why, unless it be, partly at least, because he is under the sheltering patronage of government; because he belongs to an establishment and a privileged order; because he is independent, to a certain extent, of public opinion? And if the teachers are negligent and indifferent, if they act upon the mercenary rule of getting as much emolument, and doing as little duty as they can, what can be expected of the disciples? I do

not say that the people are not to blame. It is not my business, at present, to settle points of this nature. But I do say, that something, and something, too, besides the general depravity of human nature, must have intervened to corrupt the springs of the Christian faith, to taint the salutary virtues of the waters of life, at their very fountain head. Something, I repeat, has intervened—some heavy weight has been laid on the energies of Christian principle—and I believe that is, in part, the weight of huge and irresponsible establishments.

I do hope, therefore—not presumptuously nor proudly, I am sure—but I do humbly hope, that we are to see a better illustration of Christianity in America. There are moral reforms, there is a religious progress going on among us, unparalleled in the annals of the world, and I hope that these are omens of future improvement. I do not say that our religious condition is at all satisfactory, and I fear it is but too certain it would not have proved so to that Eastern confessor, who entertained it as one of the strongest wishes of his heart, to come among us. But still I trust that, since the Word has free course among us, it is yet to be glorified.

But that such a result may be secured, we must take heed, that we use not our religious liberty for

evil occasions or purposes. If in other countries the religious principle is too much bound up in institutions and forms, and religion itself is too much a matter of mere propriety, let us take heed that the same principle does not among us spread into extravagant error and wild fanaticism; and that our religion be not, half of it, controversy, sectarianism, and dissension. And if the clergy of established churches are too liable to be proud priests, or mere dignified officials, if they are too independent of public opinion, let us take heed lest they be enslaved to public opinion; lest they contract the feelings and manners that befit such an ignominious bondage; lest they become, in other words, pusillanimous, crafty, managing, sycophantic, and vulgar. I am willing that this body of men should feel the legitimate and wholesome effect of public opinion; I wish it. But let them not be restrained from their just liberty, whether of speech, manners, or modes of life. Let them not be brought into the dangerous position, which will expose them to act a double part—into that trying dilemma where conscientious conviction points one way, and public coercion another.

It is a degrading position: not, perhaps, to the individual mind, which may indeed do itself honour, by foregoing its rights for the advantage of

others ; but it is a position which is likely to degrade the profession, by preventing many high-minded young men from entering into it, that might do it honour. And it is likely to do further injury—injury indeed to religion itself—by giving an ascetic, Puritanic, stern, and sanctimonious character to an order of men, which is required to be an example of the Christian virtues. And, as on the one hand, public opinion should not lay undue, unlawful, degrading restraint on the clergy, so neither, on the other hand, should it urge them further in the discharge of their professional duties, than their own judgment, conscience, zeal, and physical ability will carry them. Let not a man in this office be unreasonably urged to do this or that thing, to preach many sermons, to hold many meetings, to make many visits, or to adopt new and doubtful measures, by being told, that this or that man, in a neighbouring town, or belonging to a rival sect, is doing thus, and so.

But I must go beyond the clergy in the application of this remark. In fact, there is nothing which I so much dread from the operation of our political and religious institutions, as the subserviency of the best minds in the country to the worst minds in it : the subserviency of men of talents, education, and refinement to mere numbers.

The mind of a country ought to rule it—ought, I mean, to have the ascendancy, not in politics only, but in every species of influence ; but that mind does not, and never did, and never will, reside in the mass. There are at any moment, in any nation—there are in our own a hundred minds that are possessed of more knowledge, of more profound wisdom, than all the other minds in it. Suppose, now, that neither you nor I, reader ! have any claim to class ourselves with the elect hundred, and that we take our place with the mass. What now are we to say, in such a situation ? Must we say, that because there are a hundred men above us, and above all their countrymen, the entire interests of the country ought to be committed to this council of a hundred ? Not at all. And why not at all ? Because we cannot implicitly trust such a council ; since although it may have more intelligence than all of us, it may not have virtue equal to its intelligence. Hence arises the necessity of popular intervention, of popular suffrage, as a safeguard from oppression. Could we confide in the few, probably despotic institutions would be the best. That is to say, the government of one or a few, possessed of great experience, influenced by uniform principles, and having the confidence and long-continued attach-

ment of the people, would be, simply considered, better than our constant rotation in office, our varying counsels, violent conflicts, and party legislation. All those advantages, however, do we give up; all these evils do we incur, for the sake of security against oppression. This is the object—this security—of all the circuitous and clumsy contrivances of a representative government. This is the object of general suffrage. It is security. It is *not* that universal suffrage best represents or expresses the *mind* that is in a country. It is not that the many are more sagacious than the few. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The people know nothing valuable about many things of which they pretend to judge, and of which their party prejudices make them judge and speak so confidently. Their ignorance, in fact, is opposed as a sort of foil to the weapons of sagacity. If the people could see clearly, as the few champions do that hold these weapons, and if they could, in consequence, be marshalled into parties, according to that clear perception of selfish objects and party interests, it would be far more dangerous than for masses of them blindly to dash against each other, as they do now—breaking their own force, and breaking in, with blundering interference, upon the ambitious plans of their leaders. I repeat it—the

popular mass, instead of possessing all the sagacity in the country, throws itself upon the very edge of a sagacity that it does not perceive: and the effect, I admit, is to clog and blunt the sword that might otherwise pierce the very bosom of the republic; but another effect, no less certain, is that the popular mass comes away wounded and bleeding from the contact. Does this assertion need any far-fetched proof? Do the people of our country need to have it proved to them, that they often are suffering from thrusts and blows given to them, in the sharp and reckless contests of the few.

It may be thought that these facts and suggestions are at war with my leading observation—viz., that nothing is more to be dreaded, than the subjection of the best minds in the country to the worst—of the few to the many. But let it be observed, that this is a question about degrees. To a certain extent it is desirable that the many should have a control over the few. It is desirable that the many should influence the few, but it is not desirable that it should enslave them. Subserviency I protest against, not deference to the people. The latter is just and reasonable, and safe for both parties. The former, the subjection of a superior mind to popular control, only makes its sagacity more dangerous. It is still none the less

selfish for the subjection, and none the less has its selfish aims, and the people, by enslaving, have not weakened, but only degraded it. And from the action of such a mind, the people must expect eventually to suffer more than from one held in less, but lawful restraint.

It was not, however, to political relations that I intended to apply the observation I have made on the danger of such a subserviency. The same thing exists, and is, perhaps, no less to be regretted, in the religious world. It is a fact which can have escaped none but the dullest observer, that throughout our whole country, and in every particular sect, the most cultivated and intelligent minds are generally the most liberal minds. They are the most liberal with regard to the comparative unimportance of the differences of religious opinion—the most liberal in the extension of their charity to differing sects—the most liberal, without being guilty of undue license, in their reading, their conversation, their habits, and manners; the most liberal in the construction they put upon what are to be considered as lawful and proper recreations. It is well known that there is such a class of persons in every religious denomination, who look with distrust or dislike upon all the extravagant religious

measures and projects, and the fanatical opinions, that prevail around them.

Now what is the position which this class of persons occupies in the religious community? It is actually an isolated position. It is constructively a position of subserviency. They exert no influence, they take no part, against those things of which they disapprove. They seek to pass quietly through the world. They take care to offend as little as possible, the religious prejudices of their times. They give up to these prejudices a part of their liberty; they use another part of it, as privately and unobtrusively as they can. They think that many things around them are wrong; nay, there are not a few among them, who sometimes express a great dread of the effects of the popular fanaticism; but they say as little, they do as little as possible, openly, to withstand this sweeping tide of popular opinions and practices.

So far I conceive that they are wrong on their part. But then they are treated in a manner still more wrong. They are never consulted by the religious communities around them. Upon the very points where their advice is most needed—upon questions of doubtful religious wisdom and propriety, all resort to them is especially avoided. Thus, the influence of not a few of the best minds

in the religious community, and many of them interested in religion too, is completely lost. They do not like to intrude their opinion unasked—they do not like to go and speak in public meetings when they are not called. They are *not* called, their opinion is *not* asked; and they but too naturally fold their arms—look on—criticise with their friend, the bad measures or the bad manners of the zealots—lament, by their fireside, that religion is to suffer so much from the moroseness and folly of its professed friends—and think that this is *all* they have to do.

Can society well and safely go on, without all the light that is in it? Can it, without danger, exclude from among its guiding lights the best minds that are in it? Why, there is enough of sober and cultivated thought among us, if it could be gathered from its various religious circles into one mass of public opinion, if it could be induced to speak out—there is enough, I say, to hold in complete check all the religious extravagance, fanaticism, and asperity of the country. There is a body of men that can *produce* that state of modified and mitigated religious opinion and action, which they profess to desire. How is it to be thought strange that some parts of the country are overrun with fanaticism, if religion has been given into the hands

of the most ignorant portion of the people ! Shall we be told that it is an unpleasant thing to come out, and to be browbeaten by the multitude, to be rudely assailed as the enemies of religion and of God, and, perhaps, to sacrifice all chances of social and political advancement ? Then, I say, let an unpleasant thing be done ! Is the religion, that has been sealed in the blood of martyrs, to demand no sacrifices of us ? Nay, I say again, if martyrdom be yet required in fidelity to this benign and abused faith—then let there be martyrdoms !

But there are no martyrdoms required. There is nothing needed but that some true, liberal, kind words be spoken—frankly and freely spoken, by every reflecting man as he sees occasion ; that he shrink not ignobly from his responsibility and his place in society, but speak plainly what he thinks of religion and religious measures, and religious men ; and in America, I verily believe, is a people that will hear. Many a plain, uneducated, modest man, I am persuaded, is waiting to hear that word, from those to whom he looks up as having advantages superior to his own. Ours is a country that is wide awake to improvement. Our advancing systems of education, our improving prison and penitentiary discipline, our progress in religious sentiment, (I mean the progress of all sects,)

our increasing charitable institutions, our temperance reform, all show it. The country, I repeat, is wide awake to improvement. Are the authorized pioneers of this improvement seeking to lose themselves in the crowd? Are the lawful leaders of the host cowering behind the very rear rank of the enemy? The eyes of the world are upon us. There is no argument carried on in the Old World—concerning human rights, free principles, the practicability and safety of reform—no, there is not a fireside argument here, but our country is present to offer her example and plead her cause. There is not a question about our condition, but it is here a party question: and we have defenders in this country, more zealous, more deeply interested, if possible, than we are ourselves. Heaven grant, that while we have champions in every civilized country in the world, we may not want leaders in our own; that while all this interest and sympathy are felt for us in other countries, we may not want patriotism and public spirit, manliness, fidelity, piety, virtue, victory, at home!

CHAPTER VIII.

France—Walled Towns—Belgium—Brussels—Field of Waterloo—Genappe—Huy—Aix la Chapelle—Cologne—Bonn—Prussian Military and School Systems—Mayence—Valley of the Rhine—Frankfort on the Mayn—Darmstadt—Heidelberg—Offenberg—Villengen—Mode of building.

CALAIS, AUGUST 22, 1833. The first things that made me feel I was in France, were the chattering of the boatmen who took us off from the steam packet, and “sacre !” rolling from the tongue of the vexed chief boatman, in the manner I have heard described, but could not well have conceived, without having heard the tone of the last syllable, actually thrilling on the tongue as it never does in the pronunciation of a foreigner.

The next new and characteristic objects that presented themselves, as we went up the quay, were the fishwomen, or fishgirls rather—for they were all young—coming down with their small nets and net frames on their shoulders, looking as stout and resolute as men ; bronzed with exposure to rain, and sun, and sea ; their dress not coming

down to the knee, and the calf below, round and full enough to move the envy of any "lean and slipper'd pantaloon."

Calais, and most of the French towns of any note that we passed through on the way to Belgium, as St. Omer's, Lille, &c., are surrounded by two walls, with moats (now drained of their water) and drawbridges at the gates—which gates also are regularly shut every night. In some of the towns this is done at the inconveniently early hour of nine o'clock; and no one is suffered to pass afterward.

Let the dwellers in our free, secure, unwalled, ungarrisoned cities think of it. You cannot take a ride into the country here but through these jealously guarded gates, surrounded with cannon, and infested by an idle, expensive soldiery. You cannot take a journey here, but you must have a passport, and be subjected to perpetual interruption and examination. For my part, I could not breathe freely in these prison cities. Wherever I went I should feel as if I walked in fetters, and wherever I abode as if I lived in an enemy's country. And yet such will be the state of things in our own country, if it is ever broken up into half a dozen petty republics.

The change in passing from France to Belgium

at Baisieux, just before entering Tournay, is very striking, altogether in favour of Belgium as to neatness, comfortable appearance of living, and houses, though I thought there was rather a Flemish heaviness about the faces of the people, neater and more comfortable as they were.

Everywhere on the route, but especially in Belgium, the women seemed to do as much, and hard, and various work as the men ; they tramp about in wooden shoes, which adds a double appearance of heaviness to their movements, and almost of slavery to their condition. The country is very rich and well cultivated ; but it impressed me with a strange feeling of melancholy all the while ; for there seemed nothing in it but toil and its fruits ; no intelligence apparently in the general countenance ; no leisure, no agreeable-looking country houses, or cottages imbowered with trees ; no gardens with people walking or sitting in them ; no persons having the air of gentlemen or ladies riding or walking out as we entered, or left the villages and cities ; and the cities and villages not wearing an inviting aspect—with close, narrow streets—irregular, old, obstinately fixed in stone against all improvement, and filled with men, women, and children, without one being of attractive appearance among them—almost without *one*.

The country on the route is remarkable for the long avenues of trees, (elm, poplar, beech,) all trimmed up so as to be very lofty, without any under branches. For many miles together the road is lined on both sides with them ; and ranges of trees, forming squares, triangles, and groves of parallel rows, are seen everywhere. It is doubtless a bad taste carried to such an extent ; and yet I think it might intermingle with that *variety* of English scenery, for which there is such a passion in that country.

BRUSSELS is a beautiful city, and the beauty in some parts is in an ancient and striking fashion ; as on the *Grand Place*, in which is the Hotel de Ville, or Town House, a fine Gothic building, with the highest tower, it is said, in Europe. The cathedral is very large ; but the want of Gothic decorations within, and especially of the clustered column, instead of which is a great ugly round column, spoils the interior. The palace of the Prince of Orange is very splendid ; beautiful floors of tessellated wood through the whole suite of apartments, rich marble walls, many fine paintings apparently—(one, portrait of a female, by Leonardo da Vinci, struck me much)—but we were not allowed to pause before them, being marched through the palace, a large company of us, in

Indian file, after having moccasins slipped over our shoes, that the floors might not be injured.

The park, on which are situated the palaces, and noble ranges of houses, is very fine ; and the Boulevards—or rides and walks between rows of trees—surrounding the whole town, are such a charm and glory of a thing in its way, as is not, that I know, to be found anywhere else in the world.

From Brussels, the ride to the field of Waterloo is through the wood of Soigny ; a noble forest of beech trees, into which the golden beams of the setting sun streamed, like the light through stained windows into a Gothic temple.

We arrived at the field of Waterloo, nine miles from Brussels, after sunset. We ascended the mound raised in commemoration of the great engagement of June 18th, 1815. It is two hundred feet high, and has a monument on the summit, consisting of a high pedestal, on which reposes the British lion, a colossal figure and finely executed. From this elevation, every point in the position of the armies and the field of battle, is easily comprehended. It is now a ploughed field, with nothing remarkable about it ; but bare and naked as it is, of everything but the interest which the *great action* gives it, I would not but have seen it. We descended and passed through the very centre of

the field—the road to Genappe leading in that direction ; yes, we rode quietly through that peaceful field, where, eighteen years ago, on a summer's night—the same moon shining that now lighted our way—thousands lay in the sleep of death, and thousands more lifted up, on every side, faces marked with the death agony, and uttered wailings that measured out the long, long hours of that dreadful night. As if to complete the contrast, we heard the sound of a violin as we drove off from the battle field, and turning aside to the quarter from whence it came, observed a dance before the door of one of the cottages.

At Genappe—a few miles distant—beneath the window of the chamber where I slept, was the street where the retreating French raised the last barrier against the pursuing Prussians and Brunswickers. Along that street sounded the fearful “hurrah !” which, as Prince Blucher's report says, drove the panicstruck soldiers of Bonaparte from their post. By the very window from which I looked, rushed the furious Prussian cavalry, which swept away the feeble barricade like chaff ; and on every stone of that pavement blood—human blood had flowed. Yet now, what but these dread recollections themselves could be more thrilling than the awful stillness, the deep repose which settled

down upon that fearful spot—the moonbeams falling upon the silent walls, and upon pavements which no footstep disturbed, and seeming to consecrate all nature to prayer and love, not to wrath and destruction.

AUGUST 26. Our ride to-day, especially down the Meuse from Namur to Liege, has been delightful; the road smooth and level; on the right the Meuse, on the left a constant succession of cliffs, wanting only the ivy to make them almost as beautiful as the cliffs of Derbyshire in England. Some of the hills, too, were covered with vineyards, and on the meadow banks of the Meuse were the finest orchards of apple, pear, and plum trees, that I ever saw.

HUY, on the route, is beautifully situated, and its citadel, which we visited, seemed, to my inexperienced eye, a stupendous work. It is built on a hill, and its battlements rise seven hundred feet above the streets of the town. The work is very massive, and the cavernous depths to which we descended within, gave me a new idea of the magnitude and strength of a military fortress.

Indeed this whole country, and especially almost every city and town, surrounded with stupendous walls, and defended by gates, which are manned with soldiers, constantly remind you of war—con-

stantly tell you that Europe has been a battle field for ages, and that her princes and potentates perpetually stand upon their guard for the moment when it shall become so again. Would not a being who had never heard of war, nor of its munitions, nor of the passions that ministered to it—who saw himself surrounded at every step with citadels and battlements, and guns and swords, and men clothed in the panoply of battle—would he not think he was travelling through a country of demons? If he were acquainted with the spirit of Christianity, moreover, how would he be astonished to find these were called *Christian* countries, and their kings “*most Christian majesties*!”

The drive from Liege to Aix la Chapelle presents nothing of interest, but the surprising change from immense open fields, without any enclosures, which have surrounded us all the way from Calais, to a country very much resembling England; full of closes and hedges in all directions. It seems to me that these sudden changes in passing through the same country, from one mode of cultivation, building, and living, to another, from one set of usages and fashions to another, from one form and character of countenances to another, must show that there is by no means so free an intercourse nor so active an intelligence abroad among the

people, as in our country. And indeed the people generally appear to me to have rather a stolid aspect. They generally look more contented than our people. It would seem from appearances as if there could not be much want among them ; and yet there are many beggars. There is not the sentiment of shame about begging that there would be with us. Beggar boys and girls, very comfortably clad, too, will join the carriage and run along, singing out in a plaintive tone, " Un sous, monsieur, pour charité ;" apparently calculating that importunity will succeed, though all other appeals fail. There is certainly something very touching in the tones of the French tongue. I have seldom felt anything of this sort more than the plea of a poor fellow I met in Lichfield (Eng.) I said to him, for he was a young man, " You look as if you could work." He seemed to understand my objection, and I am sure he annihilated it, as, the tears coming to his eyes, he said, " Je suis étranger, pauvre, malade." And yet what to do, one knows not ; for this indiscriminate giving must be bad ; and this unscrupulous asking and clamorous importunity are shocking.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, the birth and burial place of Charlemagne, the coronation city of fifty-five emperors, the scene of important treaties, and of

congresses of nations, is indebted for its chief interest with the stranger to historical associations; for the town is not at all agreeable; the streets are narrow and the houses generally ordinary. There is a fine promenade, however, on the road coming towards Cologne. The cathedral was commenced by Charlemagne. The Town House, originally a palace, and Charlemagne's birthplace, is built on the ruins of an old Roman castle, and has one tower standing, called Granus, which appears to be of Roman origin.

The celebrated springs here are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, which quality derives an increased pungency from their heat, that I found it would take more than one day to learn to drink them. Bathing in them is much more practicable and altogether pleasant. The whole air of the city is tainted with the smell of brimstone, at times; it was so on the morning when we came out. Aix la Chapelle has thirty-three thousand inhabitants.

COLOGNE—from Colonia Agrippina, a Roman colony—is quite superior to most of the second-rate continental towns of Europe. The remains of the Roman power are spread through all this country.

The church of St. Mary of the Capital was

built by Plectrude, wife of Pepin, and mother of Charles Martel ; and in the convent adjoining and belonging to it, Mary de Medici passed in misery the last moments of her life. The house where she died is shown. It is the same in which Rubens was born.

In the church of St. Peters is a painting of the Crucifixion of Peter by Rubens, which is considered as one of his masterpieces, and is certainly very expressive. The countenance of Peter, crucified according to tradition, with his head downward, expresses extreme agony. The faces of the executioners—of one driving the nail through the foot, full of intense and mostly malignant emotion ; of another looking up with the air of a connoisseur at the operation, as if it were only nailing one piece of wood to another—and so of the others, are very characteristic and powerfully drawn.

But nothing here has struck me so much as the cathedral, planned by Archbishop Engelberg, and commenced in 1248. It is yet unfinished, though the work is going forward. It is a Gothic building of immense size, larger and higher than the York Minster ; and were the proportions as perfect, it would, when finished, surpass the minster. But it seemed to me that the columns were too small for the height, and I should doubt if the width

were sufficient to make a just proportion. **This**, however, does not apply to the towers, of **which** the one that is highest, though not completed, is a thing so glorious and beautiful, that it makes one sigh to gaze upon it.

Bonn, August 30—a pleasant town of twelve thousand inhabitants. We visited the university, saw the library—of ninety thousand volumes—and the museum of antiquities. The most interesting are the Roman antiquities; lamps, culinary vessels, funereal tablets, urns—with the ashes and bones yet in them; and altars, dug up on the banks of the Rhine, and chiefly in the vicinity of Cologne and Bonn. Little glass vials were shown us, said to be used by the Roman ladies to receive the tears of their lamentation for the dead. The inscriptions upon many of the tablets are very distinct, though from the abbreviations used in such cases, it would require some time to spell them out. Thus has the sheltering bosom of mother earth protected monumental inscriptions and records, which wind and rain would have worn out and erased ages ago; and after eighteen centuries, the names which those who loved them strove to perpetuate, are read by the inhabitants of a then unknown world. Indeed the Roman power has driven its ploughshare through the whole valley of

the Rhine, and its monuments lie so deep, that it is not till recently, that many of them have been dug up and brought to light.

There are some fine fresco paintings, by Maler Gotzenberger, in one of the university rooms. They are the Faculties of Philosophy, Theology, and Law. An allegorical female figure presides over each department. Alas ! for the justice of the representation ! while Philosophy is beautiful, Theology is unattractive and unlovely. The Genius of Law is dignified and fine. In the Faculty of Philosophy are attempted portraits of Homer and the Greek tragedians, of Plato, Socrates, and Phidias ; one of Shakspeare ; and a bountiful proportion of Germans—Kant, Goethe, Schiller, &c.

We introduced ourselves to Professor A. W. Schlegel, who answered many inquiries about the state of things in Prussia—property, education, the army, &c.—all in a tone of great admiration for their government and institutions. In speaking of Goethe, he said, “ We consider him the greatest poet of the age.”

As to the state of things in Prussia, appearances in the *villages* we have passed through are certainly very bad. The houses are poor, the streets very filthy, and the people look miserably. Ram-

parts, battlements, soldiers, appear everywhere, and everything *looks* like a military despotism.

But another and more powerful army is arising in Prussia ; and its spreading tents are the school-houses of the land. Prussia has established perhaps the most perfect system of popular education in the world. At least it appears so on paper ; I have some doubts whether its working is to produce as much intelligence as our own. Its patron and provider is the government ; and hence all the machinery is likely to be more perfect. But whether the result is likely to be as good, as in schools which are the objects of voluntary individual support and affection among the people, is the question.

Still, however, be all praise given to the Prussian system. Whether its formers have their eyes open to the inevitable result, whether they suspect that they are depositing an element in the popular bosom which will yet shake the foundations of the government, may well admit of more than a doubt. But that a people really educated will long endure the crushing weight of the Prussian military establishment, that they will doom themselves and their wives and daughters to such unalleviated toil as lays its burden upon every limb and feature around me—that an enlightened population of thirteen or

fourteen millions will consent to support nearly two hundred thousand regular troops, besides training more than three hundred thousand militia, is what no person who has studied the tendencies of modern intelligence and consequent freedom, can believe. Religion may be introduced into the system, as it is well introduced into that of Prussia ; and the politician may look upon it as a useful instrument to sustain the system or to countervail its tendencies ; but the issue is as inevitable as the principles of human nature are certain.

MAYENCE. This valley of the Rhine is, indeed, a glorious thing. It is all that I expected ; it is more. The entire route from Bonn to Mayence is, as it were, through a grand gallery of the most striking objects, in the departments both of scenery and antiquities. The eye is absolutely satiated with majestic old ruins ; the imagination is wearied out with calling up the scenes of history and romance, peace and war, life and death, that have passed in them ; one is exhausted and paralyzed by the burden and pressure of his thoughts and feelings ; a day in riding through these scenes, is as if one listened, all day, to inspiring and thrilling music ; his musings are all sighings, and aspirations, and prayers ; at every turn of the eye, he can scarcely repress his tears. The memories of

a thousand years are around him at every step. At almost every great opening in the view of the banks of the Rhine, stupendous battlements and towers rise, from summit to summit, and upon one inaccessible crag after another—twenty or thirty in number, during the two days' ride—all, save one, in ruins; almost all, with one grand tower in the centre, so firmly built that time has scarcely touched it; all built evidently for defence—upon heights so steep and stupendous, that it must have required strong heads to look down from their turrets and windows without shrinking.

These objects are indeed the most striking; but to complete the view, the hills are everywhere clothed with vineyards, the banks every now and then spread into little valleys, sometimes into broad ones, as in the Rheingau; and the noble stream, varying in width from one to two thousand feet, imbosoms many islands.

There is one thing to detract from the beauty of the Rhine, as well as of all the other principal rivers in Europe that I have seen, and that is, that the waters are turbid—owing, doubtless, to the clayey soils through which they pass. They are of a whitish colour, and no sky, however pure its azure, can give them the rich hue of our American streams.

In entering, at Bingen, the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt to-day, it was curious again to observe the immediate change in houses, countenances, circumstances, manners. The frame houses, filled in with brick or other materials, almost universal in Prussia, instantly and almost completely disappear ; beggars gather around the carriage again, and this, too, though the country appears just as well off and even better ; so that there must be a change of education and character to account for this, or else of police.

One thing in all these countries very much attracts our notice. All the people, literally all, live in crowded, and mostly dirty villages. Among all these rich fields and vine-clad hills, so beautiful for country seats and cottages, there is not one house—not one. There are no fine seats in the vicinity of the towns, with a little more space and decoration about them ; but all habitation is confined to the dense, compact, crowded village. This, doubtless, was originally owing to the necessity of building for defence ; and now, if the people had a taste for it, they are too poor to build for pleasure, abroad in the country. I should like to know what is the effect of this village life upon society. Is it as pure ? Is it not more kind, more social, less reserved, less cold ?

Mayence has a very pretty entrance from the north, by a winding road through trees ; but the town itself has very little attraction. To my eyes, too, it is a very grievous annoyance, that every fifth, literally every fifth man you meet is a soldier ; there being six thousand troops quartered in a town of twenty-six thousand inhabitants.

We visited a gallery of paintings, which has some original pieces by the masters. "An Assumption of the Virgin," by Annibal Carracci, in which the Supreme Being is represented as a venerable man—a conception quite shocking indeed ; but when you throw away that idea, which you may easily do, for it is difficult to retain it, the painting of that countenance is very fine ; also, a "Mary presenting to a Carmelite the habit of his order," by Carracci. The upward, reverent gaze of the old man, the loveliness of the Virgin, were things to dwell upon for some moments at least. A very beautiful old painting of St. Appollonia, by Dominichino ; a "Lot and his Daughters," by Michael Angelo—the fire, eagerness, and fondness of intoxication in the poor old man, with his hand outstretched towards the bowl, into which one of the daughters is pouring wine—and the beauty of the daughters, are the points of attraction ; nor is the appearance of the outpoured wine to be forgotten.

A "Le Petit Jesus," by Jacques Jordan—i. e., Jesus teaching in the temple—nothing good but the appearance of the Jewish doctors, and that was very striking; some of them, in the colouring of the flesh, by-the-by, singularly like those heads of Jews by Alston, exhibited a year or two ago at the Boston Athenæum.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAYN is worthy of its old fame, of its historical associations, and of being the seat of the Germanic Diet. Some of the streets are gloriously ancient in their appearance; and the modern ones have very good buildings, and all are very neat. There are fine seats, too, in the environs, reminding us for the first time of the neighbourhoods of our own cities. The walls, too, and fortifications, like those of Brussels, are levelled; but instead of being planted with regular rows of trees, they are laid out in winding walks, interspersed with shrubbery and trees. The cathedral, here, is a very ancient-looking pile, and the tower with its pinnacles is very grand; the style pure Gothic. There are some old houses here of a very extraordinary appearance. They are very small on the ground, and at the same time very lofty; and being covered entirely, not only on the roof, but the sides, with small, black, shining pieces of slate, they look like giants clad in ancient armour.

DARMSTADT—a beautiful town, with fine avenues through rows of linden trees, on the road to Mayence, and also southward. The chief attraction to us, however, was the gallery of pictures (six or eight hundred in number) in the palace of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Some beautiful ruins and landscapes, by Schonberger; two admirable winter pieces, by Fosci; a striking portrait by Lanterre; animals, by Sneyder; a St. John, by Corregio. By Titian, "a Sleeping Venus"—the face particularly—the flush, the fulness of deep sleep—the something almost like delicate perspiration. By Dominichino, "a David and Nathan"—"Thou art the man!"—the prophet standing above the king, who shrinks back in his chair, with a fear-stricken aspect—the prophet's dignity and fixed eye. By Schmidt, "a Diana, and Nymphs bathing"—exquisite beauty of form and softness of outline—"Adam and Eve," also, by Schmidt—(German)—a painting of great power. Adam and Eve are flying from paradise; in the back ground, the sky lowers with a tempest, and lightning flashes vengeance across the dark cloud. Adam's countenance and brow especially are full of suppressed, sustained, and manly sorrow; Eve leans upon his breast, as they hurry along, with her face to the ground, and with such an expression of fear in the eye—of fear, not ago-

nizing, but clear, bright, *spirituelle*, subdued, modest, feminine, as, I think, I can never forget. The contrast of manly strength and female loveliness, in the picture, is very striking. But last and greatest of all, is "Rembrandt's portrait of his second wife"—so beautiful, so natural, so speaking, so heavenly in the expression of the bright, calm, pure, and almost living eye, that I could have kneeled before it, as the Catholic does before the Virgin Mary.

HEIDELBERG. The situation very delightful, on the banks of the Neckar. The ruins of the castle, on the brow of the hill southward, are more beautiful far, than any castellated ruin I have seen in England; said by Scheiber's guide book to be also the most beautiful in Germany. The walls are standing, in very good preservation, and are ornamented, I should judge, with not less than eighty or one hundred statues, also very perfectly preserved. These, with the niches and canopies, and the work in and over the windows, together with many armorial bearings, present a vast proportion of sculpture, though the building is not Gothic. An immensely deep fosse surrounds the castle; there is a fine, paved esplanade in front, and another back of it, laid out with walks, and imbowered with trees; and the views, up the Neckar, through richly

wooded and vine-clad hills, and downward upon the town, and beyond, upon a broad and boundless plain, watered by the same river, also stretching towards the Rhine—are exceedingly fine.

HEPPENHEIM, on the road from Darmstadt and Heidelberg, is situated amid very charming scenery. The majestic ruin of Starkenburg Castle is on a neighbouring height. At Bensheim, not far from Heppenheim, we saw, for the first time in Europe, Indian corn.

OFFENBURG, SEPTEMBER 5. We are still in the valley of the Rhine, though at some distance from the river. The scenery for the last day or two more resembles that of our Connecticut river, than anything else ; but the ruin of an old castle, now and then appearing on the neighbouring hills, is a feature which is never to appear in the landscapes of the Connecticut. The time of feudal sovereignties and castles has gone by in the civilized world. Princely dwellings, indeed, are built, and will be built ; but they are no longer perched upon almost inaccessible crags and mountains, to be forsaken when the times of danger have passed away. The English castles now in ruins, were not indeed so inconveniently situated ; but still they were built for defence, and not for comfort, and have been given up as much from their inconvenience as from their

insecurity. We have been struck to-day with the picturesque and almost fantastic dress of the people ; the men, and even young men, with the immensely broad-brimmed hat, which appears in many of Rembrandt's pictures, and the women showing a singular passion for the colour of scarlet. The throng, gathered in the village market-places, most of whom, by-the-by, are women—they are the sellers in market—wears an appearance as strange and bizarre almost as would an assembly of Turks.

There is, in short, no business or labour, apparently, which the women of this country do not perform. In the morning we always meet great numbers of them, either going to the fields with hoe and shovel in hand, or to the markets with the basket of vegetables or fruit upon their heads. This toil and exposure bereaves them of every feminine charm of person ; though their countenances are not unamiable, nor more dull or coarse than might be expected in the circumstances. We learn from the attentive and sensible keeper of the Fortune Hotel here, (to whom I commend all weary travellers passing through Offenburg,) that women as regularly hire themselves out to work in the field, as men, and at nearly the same price—being eighteen sous for the women, and twenty-one sous

for the men, per day—they providing partly for themselves—i. e., they take soup for breakfast at home ; their employer provides bread and a pint of wine for their dinner, they adding meat and eggs if they choose ; and they expect supper from their employer.

VILLINGEN, SEPTEMBER 6. To-day we have been passing through the Black Forest ; by which is meant, not a continuous wood, nor a level country covered with forest, but a succession of hills, clothed with fir trees principally, and looking dark enough justly to give its name to this extensive tract of country. Many of these hills wear a singular aspect ; the foliage being bright and glossy, as well as dark : and the forms, bold and beautiful. The road, for thirty miles from Offenburg, leads up a small river, and through a delightful valley, which eventually becomes very picturesque and wild, and very much like what I expect in the scenery of Switzerland. The inhabitants, too, wear, I am told, the Swiss costume, and build their houses in the Swiss fashion : the former, that is to say, wearing large hats, and the latter an immense pent-house roof, much in the same style. They look—the houses—very comfortable, though they must be very dark ; and are delightfully scattered up and down among the hills and valleys—a thing we have

scarcely seen before on our whole journey upon the Continent.

We saw a funeral procession to-day, of a very singular appearance. The coffin—it was that of an infant—was borne by a woman, on her head. A boy came after her, with a crucifix, bound with ribands and covered with flowers. Then followed a few men, and a considerable number of women, walking two and two—the women having black gauze caps on their heads, with a fringe of black lace, nearly covering the forehead, and singing a low funereal chant.

With regard to these large projecting roofs of the houses, and indeed the whole style of them—for they quite commonly embraced domicile, stable, woodhouse, carthouse, and barn, all under one roof—I cannot help again remarking, how suddenly, just in passing from one village to another, this new scene presented itself. Certainly, these people cannot be like *our* countrymen; who, if they are about to build a house, or to do anything else, observe, as they pass through the country, how others are doing, and what improvements are to be made. The result, among *us*, is a great deal of variety, and a continual progress. But the people here, either never travel, or they never think—never observe anything; else it would be impossi-

ble for them to settle down, each village for itself, into this unbroken uniformity. And, indeed, they have nothing like the look of intelligence, of alertness and inquisitiveness of mind, that are seen in America.

CHAPTER IX.

Switzerland—Schaffhausen—Observance of the Sabbath on the Continent—Comparisons of the general Aspect and Manners of the People on the Route, with those of our Country—Falls of the Rhine—Zurich—Zug—Righi—William Tell—Lucerne—Thun.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, (SWITZERLAND), SEPTEMBER 8.

We entered Switzerland about ten miles north of this, and the entrance was most appropriate. We had scarcely passed the boundary stone, with Baden inscribed upon it, when there sunk down a deep and narrow valley on our right—deep as if it were placed out of this world, and looking calm, undisturbed, silent, and sequestered, as if it did not belong to this world. We soon descended into it; and with a glorious and gorgeous vista of autumn-painted hills constantly opening before us, we rode all the way to Schaffhausen.

To-day is Sunday, and we are resting at this place. The Sabbath, all over the continent of Europe, it is well known, is partly a holyday. I con-

fess that I was extremely desirous of observing what was the character and effect of this holyday; what kind of relaxation was permitted by the usages of the European churches, both Catholic and Protestant, on Sunday. I had anticipated some modification of the common holyday. I had thought it likely, that relaxation for one part of the day, connected with religious services on the other, would possess a character of unusual decorum. And in this I am not disappointed. Unless it be, that I find everywhere, in all the villages and cities which I have had an opportunity of observing on Sunday, a quietness and decorum quite beyond my expectation. The population is all abroad, indeed, after the hours of divine service, in the streets and the public places; but it seems to suffice the people to take a quiet walk with their families; and there is a remarkable restraint among the multitudes upon all noise, loud talking, and laughter.

I state the fact as it is, and as a matter, certainly of gratifying information. But I cannot conceal that it presents to me a very serious question. And the question is, how far it is desirable that *our* Sabbath-keeping should partake of the European character. There is much, doubtless, to be objected against the European mode. The day seems to be entirely spent in public—in public worship, or,

in the public walks. It seems to have no distinct moral object with the people around me. Now this is what, above all things, I would secure. But whether the object is best secured by the views and usages that prevail among us is the question.

We ought, on this subject, to look at the general principles on which time is to be used to the best account : or on which, in other words, time is to be devoted and hallowed to religious uses. Suppose I wish to set apart a day to any intellectual or moral use. How shall I best arrange it? And here, let me say, that I know of nothing in the Scriptures that forbids the application of such general reasoning. To sanctify a day is to set it apart for a religious purpose ; and the question is, *how* is that purpose to be best accomplished? Now, I say, that if I were to arrange the employments of any day, in order to turn its hours to the greatest account for my mind or heart, I should not devote *all* its hours to study, reading, meditation, or prayer. That is to say, in other words, I must give some of its hours to relaxation. And this is what any man does of necessity, let his creed or system be what it will.

So that the only question is, what *sort* of relaxation a man shall give himself. Shall it be taken within doors, or abroad? Shall a man sit down

in a sort of superstitious stupor, as thinking that there is something in gloom and dulness that is peculiarly acceptable to Heaven; or shall he go forth under the open sky, and amid the fresh breezes? Shall he *sleep* away some hours of the day, or spend them in easy conversation and useful exercise? Which mode of relaxation—for relaxation there must be—will be most favourable to health, to cheerfulness, and to agreeable associations with the Sabbath?

But it may be said, that it is dangerous to depart from the old strictness, and that the people will go fast enough and far enough, without being helped on in their course. I grant that there is danger arising from the boundless freedom of the country. I certainly fear that the innocent relaxations of the Sabbath might go to excess and disorder. But may we not hope, that an intelligent and wholesome public opinion is to lay restraints as effectual as bayonets and a police? Besides, the danger exists, whether we discuss the subject or not. Is it not better to take the right and tenable ground at once, than to take a wrong ground which is continually sliding beneath our feet, and bearing us and everything else with it? Yet more: licentiousness is not the only danger. There is danger in bondage, too. For what, I ask, is the effect

and result of the old strictness? Some, it makes demure and superstitious on Sunday; others, it makes reckless. They take greater liberties with the day than the most of those who make it a holy-day in Europe! They ride, they travel, they labour, they haunt taverns, they engage in hunting and fishing, they write letters of business; they cannot banish the spirit of business even from one day out of seven. Many, and especially of the young, are perhaps still more injured by the old strictness. They dislike the Sabbath. They dread its approach; they are glad when it is gone. And as the Sabbath is most closely associated with religion, they come to get repulsive ideas of religion itself. It is a gloomy thing; it is a superstition; it is a peculiarity; it is a bondage. It is something to be endured; it is something to be sighed about, rather than acted upon; and the result is, that it exerts no genial, no welcome, no thorough nor permanent influence upon the heart. In short, false views of the Sabbath are answerable for no small portion of that host of dreadful popular errors, which deform Christianity, degrade its disciples, cut off from the world so many sources of happiness, and open, in the very bosom of life, so many fountains of sadness, dejection, and misery.

On the whole, as a Sabbatarian, I am inclined to be at once very strict and very liberal. I would have a more practical and pious use made of the day, than is common with us. I would have as many hours devoted to public worship and to private reading and meditation, as can profitably be given. The right ground on this subject seems to me to be high ground. No hours in the year should be more busy, more absorbing, more sacred to effort and improvement, than Sabbath hours. No hours in the merchant's countingroom, or at the student's desk, should be more earnestly devoted. But this done, I would give the utmost freedom to all innocent, decorous, and quiet relaxation. I believe that this disposition of time would give us a day far more interesting, useful, and happy. I am persuaded that this spreading of superstitious restraints over the whole day, tends at once to weaken the springs of those religious exercises, and of those recreative, social, and domestic enjoyments, for which it was alike, though not equally ordained.

There is an air about the people at Schaffhausen that pleases me more than anything I have seen on the Continent. We meet bright, intelligent faces everywhere; the people appear more cheerful; we hear laughter oftener; the children look hap-

pier ; we see groups of them, and they have books in their hands, and are well dressed and neat. In the houses, too, we see people at the open windows ; there is not this dreadful solitariness and seclusion that appear in the better class of houses, throughout most of the Continental cities. Indeed, where the better sort of people—the people of condition, or learning, or wealth, or leisure, or taste—are, in these countries, I cannot devise. Few equipages, no saunterers, no fashionable or contemptative walkers, no riders out—nothing, or nearly nothing, of all this, which is so commonly seen in and near all our American cities and villages, appears here. The toiling multitude—men with sober brow, women with faces weatherbeaten and shorn of every feminine grace, dull children, or the starch, stupid, or fierce-looking soldier—this is almost the entire population that meets the eye of the traveller. Now there must, of course, be other people ; but they must be few, and their habits secluded.

In speaking of the general air of the people, I should not forget the extreme courtesy that pervades all classes, and especially the lower classes. No one of these ever speaks to you without touching his hat. The very grooms and horseboys never forget this. If they have no hat, they put

their hand where the hat should be. The common people, too, as we pass them, really tax our courtesy, unless we would consent to be outdone in politeness. At the hotels, too, landlord, waiters, valets, are all at your service; you are assisted out of your carriage; you are ushered into your room with a bow; you have dinner announced with a bow; every one of the limbs and senses of those around you is at your bidding—is alert and instinct with obedience—is ready to say, if it could speak, “*Oui, monsieur.*” This, to be sure, is at the hotels partly mercenary; but it belongs in part, also, to the general manners of the people.

The fashion of salutation on the Continent is always to take off the hat; and this is done not to superiors alone, but among the country people, from one to another, constantly. I wish it were the fashion everywhere. Our manners in America are too brief, gruff, and hasty. Our “no” and “yes” are very short words; and if we add “sir” to them, that again is an unfortunate monosyllable; and the whole intercourse, I mean the out-of-door intercourse, of our people, seems to me, compared with what I see here, monosyllabic, brief, and ungracious. It is fanciful to suppose that something of this depends on the very words of salutation, with which different languages provide us? *Oui, mon-*

sieur, and *Si, signore*, always seem to come softly and kindly from the mouths of the French and Italians ; and they cannot well be pronounced as gruffly as Yes, sir, and No, sir. At any rate, the difference in manners is great, and in my judgment it shows altogether to our disadvantage. When a man here meets his fellow-labourers in the morning, he says "Bon jour, messieurs," and has time, while he is saying it, to take off his hat to his neighbours. It is a good and kind beginning of the labours of the day : there is something almost courtly in it. What a contrast to the manner with which you may often see a man meet his neighbour, in one of our New-England villages. "Morning !" he says—I suppose he means, "Good-morning, sir," or "Good-morning," at least—but he says, "Morning !"—but half raising his eyes, perhaps, in civility, from the ground—and his hat as fast upon his head as if he had worn it all night. Ask a man *here* if he knows the way to a certain place, and if he does not know, as it is very likely he will not, he has, at least, the grace of manner to make his ignorance agreeable—which is more than you can say of many people's knowledge. "No, monsieur, pardonnez," he says, and takes off his hat. In America, a man would often answer your question

with a "No, sir," or, "No, I don't," and turn upon his heel.

I believe that utility and philosophy have more to do with these things than we may imagine. The manners of life are the chief language of its affections. If that language be abrupt and harsh, there is some danger that the affections may take their tone from it. Manners infect the mind. And the mind of an ill-bred people is likely, at length, to become coarse and degraded. There is a morality in street salutations. And I have often thought that a man of a harsh and repulsive demeanour might give more pain as he passed through the street to his home, than he could give pleasure or do good, if, when he arrived there, he should distribute the most liberal alms.

Are not the manners of our people becoming less courteous? Are they not less so than they were fifty years ago? When we speak of the "manners of the old school," do we not imply this? Must republican institutions always be found hostile to the gracefulness and refinement of life? I do not believe it. And yet much is to be done and taught among us. We do exceedingly want some *Censor morum*, some *Spectator redivivus*; and if I could direct the pens that wrote *Salmagundi*, I would engage them in this work.

The Falls of the Rhine are three miles below Schaffhausen. They are glorious and beautiful: but who shall describe a waterfall? Every particle a living thing: a whole mighty river hurled, amid the thunders of its descent, into spray and foam—the drifted snow not whiter nor lighter—and, indeed, if mighty snow banks were, in succession, driven by a sweeping storm over a precipice, seventy feet high, I do not know but it would more resemble the Falls of the Rhine, than anything else I can think of.

The waters of the Rhine here are perfectly pure and transparent, and have a colour of the deepest green, for which I cannot account. This colour, purity, and a rapid flow, make it, at this point, the most beautiful of rivers.

Before I leave the notices of Schaffhausen, I must just mention, what I have seen nowhere but on one small house-front in Frankfort, the fresco paintings covering the whole front of several old houses here. They consist, some of them, of considerable numbers of figures. On one is an allegorical representation of all the cardinal virtues—a good admonition, certainly, to the dwellers within.

ZURICH, SEPTEMBER 9. From Schaffhausen to this place (thirty miles) we came on an excellent road, through a highly cultivated and delightful

country. The ride to-day, and the entrance to Zurich—Switzerland, in short, as far as I have seen it—has seemed to me more like home than anything. I have looked upon since I landed at Calais. Welcome as the impression might be thought, there are pretty serious abatements from the pleasure. To “an exile from home,” it is some relief to have everything around him strange; the scene is in harmony with his lot. But be this as it may, there are many things here—the bright and happy faces, the groups of children going to school with book in hand, the dwellings scattered up and down through the country, the environs of Zurich filled with beautiful country seats—which remind one of America. I must add, however, that the villages which I have seen in Switzerland—those I mean of two or three thousand people—are very filthy; as bad, I think, as those of Ireland. Before every door is the steaming, stercoraceous heap; the manure of the farm is made under the very windows. Swiss country cottages are one thing; but for all romance about their villages—alas! for it!* At Eglisau, to-day, we parted company with Father Rhine, not without some emotion.

Zurich is built on both sides of the Limmat, at

* The beautiful villages of Lucerne show how dangerous it is to generalize.

the point where it issues from the Lake of Zurich. The colour of the water, green almost as an emerald, the swiftness of the current, like the Rhine, give to this river, as well as that, an aspect of life and beauty almost unrivalled.

At Zug* we took a boat to Geinser, (though it had been better, perhaps, to have gone to Art,) to ascend the Righi; Righi Culm, as the top is called, which Mr. Simond thinks is a contraction for *Culmen Regina Montium*; the Summit of the Queen of Mountains. It may have obtained such a name from its standing alone, and commanding a better view than any other of Switzerland.

Our ride from Zurich to Zug presented fine views from the top of Mount Albis, (over which, by-the-by, we were drawn by four horses and two cows)—the whole Lake of Zurich being at one time in sight: but it was on the Lake of Zug that we had the first view, properly, of Alpine scenery—and it was, of course, sublime. But to multiply epithets would be to convey no impression; and I can only tell you to resort to measurements. There is Righi directly before you; six thousand feet high; the mighty gate of the Alps; rising up

* Pronounced Zoog. Pronounce *u* like *oo* in almost all names on the Continent. Thun—Toon, &c.

almost perpendicularly from the soft and shaded bosom of the lake. Pontius Pilatus, with its sharp pinnacles, about seven thousand five hundred feet high, lies a little to the right, and farther back. On the left is a range of hills wooded to the top, and terminating in Rossberg; down which, in 1806, was the tremendous slide of earth, which buried Goldau and its sister villages—five or six in all, with a hundred houses and five hundred inhabitants. Pontius Pilatus took its name from a legend, which holds that Pilate drowned himself in a dark lake (Mare Infernale) on its top.

It is quite a point with travellers to see the sun set and rise on Righi. We did not reach the summit in time to see him set, nor indeed would it have availed much; for he went down in clouds. We passed the night at an inn on the mountain, and in the morning, at five o'clock, were on the top, with many others, to see his rising. Here again our success was not complete; nor is the full measure of gratification obtained, we were told, one time in forty. However, we were compensated at every step: the morning view was enough of itself, although not perfect, to repay all the toil of the ascent. Looking south the whole inner circle of the Alps was spread before us, with its hundred dark pinnacles—their bases and fissures covered

and filled with snow that never melts away. Never certainly ; for now was the end of summer. Back of us, in contrast to this, was spread out, as far as the eye could see, a tract of cultivated country. On the right was Pontius Pilatus. On the left, and almost beneath our feet, were the ruins of Goldau ; appearing scarcely more than a dark scathe on the brow of Rossberg. How like the path of calamity, seen from the distance of years, or from the cold heights of worldly prosperity ! The dread avalanche of earth that whelmed one hundred families in ruin, appeared but as a furrow on the mountain's side ! Simond says that the view from Righi embraces three fourths of Switzerland, three hundred miles in circumference, and fourteen lakes.

These awful heights, and the secluded recesses among them, consecrated, as they might seem to be, from human violence, have often been the seat of war. Not only were they so in the days of the Reformation—for Zuinglius fell on a field of battle in sight from Righi Culm—but in the later days of the French revolutionizing conflicts. From the two summits of Righi, separated by a defile, the French and Russians fired for some time at one another from batteries, which, however, did no harm. To the southwest lay buried amid moun-

tains the small canton of Underwalden, where the French, in '98, committed such dreadful atrocities. To the southeast, and far distant, ran the Muotte Thal, the defile through which Suwarrow, with twenty thousand Russians, was making his way from Italy, when he was met and overthrown by the French general Massena.

Righi, with the country and lakes around it, is the land of William Tell. It was on the Vier Waldstatter See, or Lake of the Four Cantons,* that Tell, in a tempest, escaped from the boat in which Bailiff Gessler was bearing him as a prisoner. Gessler rode out the tempest, and landed at Brunnen; and thence proceeded towards his chateau on the north side of Righi, the ruins of which are still shown. But Tell waylaid and shot him. A chapel, called William Tell's Chapel, is built on the spot, which tradition has assigned to this act of vengeance. We passed by and entered it, on our way to Kunsnacht, which is at the foot of Righi.

On the morning of the eleventh of September we came down the Righi, and took boat for Lucerne. The sail is absolutely glorious. On the left, and in front, the stupendous Alps, rising mountain above mountain, their snowy heights retiring

* Lucerne, Underwalden, Schweitz, and Uri.

one behind another, and rising height above height, till it seemed as if they stretched away beyond the earth's horizon, to the verge of some other creation. On the right lay a bank of verdure, orchards, groves, and cottages, beautiful as the other part was sublime. The lake, too, was a perfect mirror, and presented in its pure and transparent depths, all this glorious array of objects, every pinnacle, cottage, field, and tree, distinct as in the scene that surrounded us. But when we rounded the headland and opened the bay (so to call the upper part of the lake) on which Lucerne is situated; the scenery of the lake reached its highest interest. We were sailing almost under a high and rocky barrier; Lucerne was before us, with its white walls and houses, seated like a swan upon the bosom of the waters; around it and along down on either shore, the fields, orchards, and groves rose in every variety of graceful outline; behind us were "the everlasting hills." One pinnacle, in particular, far off, towered among the clouds, and appeared like a pyramid upon the heights of some more gigantic creation.

ESCHLISMATT, SEPTEMBER 12. We have come from Lucerne to this place, not for the sake of scenery, but to take the shortest route to Thun, and thus to reach the southern Alps. We have passed

through a country, however, of considerable Swiss scenery, and we have been particularly struck by the appearance of the people and of their habitations. The people still wear the same appearance of cheerfulness that I have already noticed. We stopped at a tavern where a shower had driven many of the labourers. They were eating and drinking, but quite as much engaged in sprightly conversation ; for the people in this quarter of the world, seem to sit down to their meals quite as much to talk as to eat.

As to the houses—this is the canton of Lucerne—a larger proportion of them on the route to-day have been substantial, in good repair, and in outward appearance comfortable, than in any equal extent of country over which I have ever travelled. Scarcely one dwelling has appeared in about thirty miles, that would be marked by the traveller as the habitation of indigence. The villages, as well as the houses scattered in the country, have appeared extremely neat.

Is it not the reason why the Swiss are not cooped up in villages like the rest of the nations on the Continent, that they have always stood as neutrals in the wars of Europe, and therefore have not undertaken to put themselves in a state of defence ? Is not their national freedom, too, which

they have always more or less enjoyed, the cause of the superior intelligence and cheerfulness which appear among the body of them ?

As to the measure of intelligence, I am aware that I am not entitled to make up any very confident opinion ; but for the evidences of cheerfulness, I have seen more smiling faces in three days in this country, I have witnessed more animated conversation, I have heard more hearty laughter, and more songs among these mountains, than I have met with in passing through a portion of France, Belgium, Prussia, and Germany ; nay, the Swiss seem to me a more joyous people than the English. Songs from the hills around, and from the lake below, followed me all the way as I walked up Righi.

THUN, SEPTEMBER 18. This morning, as we left Eschlismatt, the appearance of the Alps on the south was very striking ; immense, irregular masses of mountain, sharply defined on the clear morning sky, and looking like the stupendous fragments of a broken up world.

The aspect of the country, till we came upon Thun, has been rather less pleasing than it was yesterday ; but the signs of competence among the people are still the same. Surely people must be well off who build such houses ; the roof pro-

jecting over so as to cover almost twice as much space as the house itself ; and having enough timber in it, I might almost say, to build a comfortable house ; and then the shingles on the roof, and sides, also, of the house, are so small, and so carefully rounded and shaped at the ends, as to require, in building, a vast deal of work. The houses, too, are immensely large.

Both the dwellings and the appearance of the people would seem to indicate that there is great equality among them. If there be *gentlemen* or *ladies* in this country, one is ready to ask, where are they ? They certainly do not appear. Neither do I see any persons that I should take to be physicians, lawyers, or clergymen.

As to ladies, if none of the women are dressed as such, yet they certainly do not fail to be very much dressed. The costume of the canton of Lucerne especially is very showy. A black cap, with beads wrought into it, and a border of lace ; the hair in braids falling below the waist ; the stomacher of black velvet, embroidered with beads of various colours ; the sleeves full, and always white, and a sort of armlet of black, reaching from the elbow to the wrist, and tight ; the petticoat dark coloured, blue or brown, of taffeta stuff, often embroidered around the border, and termi-

nating a little below the knee ; and the feet always dressed with comfortable stockings and shoes. And this, too, is the common dress of the Lucernese women, young and old, in the field and in the market, in the house and by the way. It seems favourable to agility ; and yet the movements and forms of these women are very clumsy, and comeliness is very rare among them. Their taste in dress we could not help remarking, is singularly like that of our North American Indians.

Of the scenery of Switzerland, thus far, the characteristic is not, as I expected it would be, *wildness* ; but striking contrasts—the loveliest valleys, between bold hills ; cultivation, surpassing, if possible, that of England, carried up among the rocks, and spreading among steep precipices and dark groves of fir, the richest verdure in the world. Certainly there is no *verdure* like that of Switzerland. Like all high countries, it is full of springs, and visited with constant showers. The grass, too, is frequently mowed—three, four, and five times in the summer—which gives to the fields oftentimes the appearance of a smooth-shaven English park.

The elevation of the country, also, gives a singular character to the rivers and brooks. They rush forth from their fountains and lakes, with as swift

ness, with an aspect of life, as if, unchained and set free from the ice-bound prisons of the Alps, they were hurrying to the broad and fair fields of Germany, and France, and Italy, rejoicing to spread verdure and beauty through the world.

I wonder that travellers have not said more of some of these Swiss towns. I have spoken of Lucerne. Thun, too, is another glorious spot. It is situated on the Aar, about a mile from its rushing forth from the Lake of Thun, or Thuner See. A beautiful valley, of five or six miles circuit, spreads to the west of the town, terminated by the magnificent mountain barrier of the Stockenberg—dark, severe, with a broken and irregular outline—and relieved, to-day, against a sky of the purest autumnal serenity. Southward lies the lake; and beyond, forty miles distant probably, but seeming much nearer, rise the snowy summits of the Jungfrau, Silverhorn, and the Eigers—mountains between eleven and twelve thousand feet in height, their loftiest and sharpest pinnacles perfectly white, and looking precisely like the forms of our snowbanks after a driving storm. Their immense elevation, with this dazzling whiteness, makes them appear more like things of heaven than of earth.

We went during the afternoon to view the church, the Pavillon de Jacques, and the grove

southward, on the lake. The last rays of the setting sun upon the snow-capped Alps, the bright waters of the lake, the soft and solemn shadows of the descending evening upon the western mountains, the serene depths of a September sky above them—these are the features of the scene. But words are not paintings; and no paintings can do justice to such scenes as these. And yet, the scenes themselves, what are they in all their majesty of form and beauty of colouring, compared with what they are as emblems of our thought—temples and ministrations of religion. “So,” I said as I walked homeward, “let the last shadow steal over me, soft and solemn; the bright waters of life at my feet—for not a cynic would I die; and the serene and illimitable depths of heaven above me—for I would die a Christian.”

CHAPTER X.

Excursion to the Oberland—Sail down the Lake of Thun—Unterseen and Interlaken—Valley of Lauterbrunnen—Wengernalp—Jungfrau—Avalanches—The Eigers—Grindelwald—The Glacier—Condition of the People—Swiss Songs—Return to Thun—Road to Berne—Lake of Neufchatel—Castle Grandson—Battle field of Charles the Bold and the Swiss—Yverdun—Lausanne—Geneva.

On a most beautiful September morning, (the fourteenth instant,) we set out on an excursion to the high Alps, and the glaciers of Grindelwald. We left our carriage, and took a boat at Thun, to go down to Neuhaus, at the bottom of the lake, on our way to the mountains. These boats on the Swiss lakes are almost uniformly rowed in part by women. We had two on the Zug, and one to-day.

Scarcely a finer day in the year could have been chosen to witness those effects of light, those contrasts of light and shade, which are certainly among the most striking things in mountain scenery. All the morning there was not a cloud in the sky, save

one, that rested like a halo on the distant peak of Jungfrau. And whatever may be said about the effect of clouds and mists upon the mountain tops, and whatever it may be in fact, nothing seems to me to give such sublimity to them as a clear and cloudless sky. Then they appear to be invested with that awful serenity, which is to me their sublimest attribute ; and then, too, they seem to pierce, not the clouds only, but the very heavens.

There was a very striking effect of light and shade as we came down the lake, which I suppose one might be here forty days, and not see : for everything depends on the light, and the state of the atmosphere. There was a slight veil, like that of our Indian summer, upon the surrounding hills ; and aided by this, the mountain of Arbendberg, though it was ten o'clock in the morning, cast so deep a shadow upon the lake, that a boat, sailing in that direction, seemed to be advancing into a region of awful and perilous obscurity, and, indeed, it was soon lost to the sight entirely. At the same time, the rays of the sun, streaming over the mountain upon the village of Derlingen, situated on the shore beneath, presented it in the boldest relief and the most splendid colouring ; and yet, one single foot (so it seemed) beyond the line of light, it was so dark, that, although only a mile distant, we mistook

rocks for houses, and were speculating, before our guide undeceived us, upon the condition of the adjacent dwellings as being like that of the antipodes. There was a deep dun colour upon the shore, and a rich dark hue of green upon the adjacent water, which, if brought with the other striking features of the landscape altogether into a painting, would be thought, like many actual scenes of life, if brought into fiction, to be very unnatural and extravagant.

We reached Nethaus a little after ten o'clock, and took a char-a-banc to Interlaken. Surely one may wander over the world and find few places so beautiful as this. The inns and boardinghouses here, show that it is the resort of many strangers. It is a small valley upon the Aar, full of trees, of which a great number of old walnut trees are the most remarkable—with a steep and stupendous mountain barrier on the east, the Lake of Brienz not far to the northeast, and westward a vista, opening through majestic mountains, up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, to the shining heights of the Jungfrau.

Up this valley, after dinner, we rode, struck with new admiration at every step. It is a pass through mountains, rising, often perpendicularly, to the height of two and three thousand feet; standing

out boldly into the clear sky, and measuring, as the eye was raised to them, sometimes a whole third part of the arch of heaven ; and presenting almost every variety of aspect, broad barriers, sharp pinnacles, deep shadow, bright sunlights, rocky precipices on the one side, and on the other, peasants' cottages rising, with redeemed soil about them, on terrace above terrace, to the very top. The Wengernalp is on the left hand, and presents, at its western termination on this road, an immense circular precipice,* so much resembling a tower, that, as the eye catches it from time to time, one feels inadvertently as if it *were* the citidel of some mighty though unfinished palace of the Alps.

The Falls of Staubbach, at the end of our ride in the valley, is the descent (nine hundred feet) of a very small stream of water, which is almost dissipated into spray before it reaches the bottom of the precipice. One is disappointed, perhaps, after hearing so much about it, and yet it is something very bizarre and beautiful. If it is a trifle, it is yet a trifle on the mighty scale of Alpine scenery. Since I have talked about Alpine pyramids and palaces, I would venture to say, that if there were an Alpine bird of paradise, the Fall of Staubbach would

* Hunnenflue.

be its tail—the most beautiful thing, certainly, in the splendid cabinet of ornithology.

The village of Lauterbrunnen, where we passed the first night, lies directly beneath Jungfrau and Silverhorn; and those snowy tops which have heretofore been distant, were now so near, that it seemed as if we might throw a stone to them.

This vicinity of eternal snow—of winter, in fact, where there is no vegetation—to the brightest verdure; this contrast, which is either directly before you, or which a single sweep of the eye brings into view, is one of the most striking things in Alpine scenery. The masses of snow descend to a certain point on the sides of the mountains; and at that very point vegetation commences, the cattle feed, and even up between the fields of snow, those eternal fastnesses of winter, the dark line of firs is seen pushing its way and struggling to maintain its ground. At the bottom of the glacier of Grindelwald, though the mass of ice rises two hundred feet in perpendicular height, yet at the very base, within twenty feet, are trees, shrubbery, and herbage, and cottages near at hand. Surely if there ever were contrasts in nature, they are here. There was a point in ascending the Wengernalp, where this was very striking. Behind, and plainly in sight, lay the villages of Interlaken and Unter-

seen, in the bright sunlight and in the sweetest valley seclusion; before us, towered the Jungfrau and thundered the avalanche.

But I am a little before my story. On the second day of our excursion, at seven o'clock, of a beautiful morning, we began to ascend the Wengernalp; my companions on horseback, and myself on foot; our force consisting of the domestique, (as the body servant is always called on the Continent,) the guide, and two men to take care of the horses; and our outfit, a good pile of sandwiches, and a bottle of vin de Lacote. We reached the highest point of our destination in three hours and a half; and I could not help thinking of it more than once, that before the sun had called my American friends to a new day, he had lighted us all the way up the mountain's side, glancing upon rock and stream, spreading his golden rays upon one rocky barrier after another, and kindling the snow-clad pinnacles as with a thousand fires. In ascending the Wengernalp, we go up a mountain to see a mountain; the object is not to reach the very summit of the Wengernalp, (which travellers do not,) but to gain a station, from which to survey Jungfrau, and I may add the two Eigers—the largest of which, though not quite so high as Jungfrau, is really, to my eye, the more imposing object.

The point to which we ascended, was probably about four thousand four hundred feet, and yet Jungfrau towered six thousand feet above us. But this was not all. There was a deep ravine between us and the great object, so that we saw Jungfrau, as it seemed, to his very base. How stupendous the object was, I will not undertake to say. The first moments of contemplating it are among the few that have brought a compensation at the time, for being at a distance of four thousand miles from home. But I desire you, as I have formerly, to resort to measurements for an impression. And let us take the "Great Eiger;" for, as it is one single object, and has an unbroken line of elevation from the very base, while Jungfrau is irregular, it is to me, as I have said, the more impressive object. Besides, as you descend the Wengernalp on its eastern side, you come much nearer to a level with the base of the Great Eiger. At a certain point in the descent, I judged, from what information I could obtain, that the Great Eiger rose eight or nine thousand feet above us. That is about two miles. Now measure off two miles upon any familiar ground around you, and suppose that by some convulsion of nature, that tract, thus laid out, were raised up into a mountain! Or, take another supposition. When I was two

miles from the base of the Great Eiger, and looked up at its summit, it rose halfway up the zenith. Now, when you are, some time, two miles from the base of the Taghkannuc,* imagine its summit raised up to forty-five degrees, halfway up to the cope of heaven—or, knowing the height of Taghkannuc, pile upon it, in imagination, as many such mountains (five at least) as will make an Eiger, or a Jungfrau, and then you may get an idea, perhaps, of the sublimity of the high Alps. Possibly, indeed, you would get too great an idea of them—and if you were ever to be here, I should warn you against expecting too much. For everything is relative; and here among the Alps, everything is upon so vast a scale, that we scarcely know how to apply the ordinary measure to things.

While we were upon the Wengernalp, there were several avalanches of snow from Jungfrau. Two of them were truly very sublime. The noise exactly resembled prolonged and successive bursts of thunder. The succession is made by the descent of the mass of snow from one precipice to another. It is so completely pulverized by its fall, that it comes eventually very much to resemble a cascade of water.

As we descended the Wengernalp, the valley of

* In Sheffield, county of Berkshire, Massachusetts

Grindelwald opened to us, dotted over with ~~est-~~tages, cut up into small enclosures of two or three acres, and cultivated like a garden. The glaciers here disappointed me much. There is no splendour about them. An immense mass of ice, filling a deep gorge, and—instead of presenting a splendid and shining mirror of polished ice—rough, ragged, and dirty, over the whole surface—that is a glacier : at least in September—it may be, and probably is, a very different thing in the spring. The bottom of the glacier, however, where a small river makes its embouchure—makes it directly from under the ice, whose blue arches rise two hundred feet above—is worth clambering over many obstacles, at the end of a weary day, as I did, to see it. The river that issues from the glacier is almost as white as milk. It takes this appearance, doubtless, from the peculiar clayey soil of its bed.

Thus ended the fifteenth of September, 1833, in which I have walked over the Wengernalp, and to the glacier of Grindelwald.

We intended to continue our excursion another day among the Alps; but when we rose in the morning, the mountains had veiled their awful heads in the clouds of an autumnal storm—forbidding all further scrutiny and intrusion from us

pigmy mortals. We could not complain that our career was checked ; for three days—including one at Thun—"three glorious days" among the Alps, is enough to reflect upon, with pleasure and gratitude, all our lives. The storm looked too likely to continue, and it was too near the equinox to permit us to doubt ; so we took a char-a-banc to Neuhaus, and came up by the lake to Thun, in six and a half hours.

On this excursion, there has been much in the apparent condition of the inhabitants to interest us. There appears to be great simplicity and innocence, and there must be great equality among them. For the cottages are all of about the same size and appearance, and each one is surrounded by a small tract of land, which, I should presume, and am told, indeed, belongs to the occupant. Meet it seems that human distinctions should shrink to nothing at the foot of these stupendous mountains ; that man should build no towers of pride beneath their mighty shadow. Indeed, it is poverty and humility that climb high here ; for some of these cottages are perched upon rocks and among recesses, high and secluded enough to be the eyry of the eagle. But if the people are poor—and we were told that potatoes, milk, cheese, and butter, constituted the principal food of many

—they are apparently not indigent. We met with very little begging—unless it were in the picturesque form of presenting fruit and flowers—ay, and a song, too, at times. A little girl would offer you a pretty bouquet; or a boy his dish of nuts from the mountains; and receiving a batz or two, would run away seemingly very much delighted. As we were going up the Wengernalp, a mother stood at the gate before her cottage with an infant (six months old apparently) in her arms, holding in each little hand a bouquet; and the batz, of course, could not be refused. The singing deserves a more elaborate description. Two or three, and sometimes four girls, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, would every now and then waylay us, so to call it, in the valley or upon the mountain side, and as we approached them would commence singing one of their national airs. This they would do with very tolerable effect, executing several parts with very good keeping of the harmony, and with a very modest aspect all the while, casting their eyes upon the ground, and scarcely raising them but to courtesy thanks for the expected gift. I observed that all their songs had the peculiar chorus or close of the Swiss national air. The rapid transitions and piercing shrillness of voice enable one to distinguish it farther than any mu-

sical note I ever heard. I have heard it from the bosom of a Swiss lake, when I was on the mountain four thousand feet above.

By-the-by, the music of the Swiss cow bells must not be forgotten. It is sharp and piercing, resembling so much the clink of the hammer upon the anvil, that I thought at first there must be a blacksmith's shop among the mountains, though nothing seemed more unlikely. The cows feed on the heights of the mountains; and upon almost the highest point of the Wengernalp, we found many log cabins, called chalets, which are built chiefly for the purposes of the dairy. Large flocks of goats, too, are fed here.

What are called valleys in the Oberland—as those of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald—are still very elevated spots; the latter three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the Lake of Thun.*

Upon the whole, if I were asked, on our return to Thun, what I had got, I should say that there remained upon my mind an impression of mighty things—seen briefly, seen as if they had appeared in a dream—yet of mighty things which *will* for

* This will account for my saying, when at an elevation of four thousand four hundred feet on the Wengernalp, that Jungfrau rose six thousand feet above us; the absolute height of Jungfrau being thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet.

ever remain in my mind, images of *grandeur*. I have seen some of the heights of the creation. Its lowly places, too, are lovely, and derive an increased beauty from the stupendous objects around them. Altogether it is a combination full of wonders.

BERNE, SEPTEMBER 18. The ride from Thun to Berne is one of the finest in the world. I cannot make the effort to describe—having acquired a Bernese dulness, or some other dulness, whose *vis inertia* is not to be overcome. Yet, after all, the scene has not exactly those *points* of interest that stamp themselves upon the memory ; and if I shall be asked a year hence, what it is in the ride from Thun to Berne that everybody admires so much, I suppose I shall answer, with a sort of rising inflection tone, “ Oh ! the distant hills, I suppose they mean—very beautiful ; and the slopes, the swells, the plains—all very graceful ; fine wood, too ; and queer, strange, strong, grand old houses—ay, old and new, in the Swiss fashion, you understand—but monstrous big houses ; looking as if they were crammed with abundance, as if their very sides groaned with a surfeit—with roofs big enough for Noah’s ark ; for Noah’s ark held scarcely a more complete museum and menagerie of the whole creation, than some of these substantial, strong-

sided, corpulent Swiss farmhouses." Positively they have quite broken down my rising inflection, with the description of them.

The entrance to Berne is charming; through rows of linden trees, delightful walks, and magnificent terraces, sloping up so high as to take them quite out of the dust of the road. By the windings of the Aar, Berne is made almost a peninsula, and it rises finely from the water on each side. The far-famed terraces here are indeed delightful promenades, commanding fine views of the surrounding rich country, that extend quite to the Alps. The grand terrace, back of the cathedral, is more than one hundred feet high. From this a horse once leaped, bearing his rider with him. The horse was crushed beneath his master, who escaped with life. A tablet on the parapet testifies his gratitude. The sidewalks, almost all over the city, pass under arcades; the basement story of each house giving up space enough for the purpose.

This morning we went out to Hofwyl, (six miles,) to see Mr. Fellenberg, and his farm and school. One of the students whom he introduced to us, conducted us over the whole literary and (in-door) farming establishments. The students' rooms, dormitories, &c. seemed in fine order, but nothing struck me so much as the stalls

—the really magnificent cows and oxen. If the intellect is nurtured as well, the establishment must be considered as giving birth to prodigies of all sorts. Fellenberg's school, you will recollect, perhaps, is the successor to Pestalozzi's, at Yverdon.

NEUFCHÂTEL, SEPTEMBER 19. The vicinity to Berne, on the road to Neufchatel, is as magnificent as all its environs are. The road, the promenades, the avenues of trees, the groves, the woods, the whole country, with its graceful swells and swollen abundance—few things can surpass.

The route to Neufchatel is generally through a fine country; and presents two things to remark upon, viz., some of the poorest and forlornest villages we have seen in Switzerland: they are about the head of the Lake Neufchatel—and this splendid competence, abundance, plethora, of the good things of this world, which I am so much surprised to find in so many parts of the country. I do not know about the mental condition; there is every indication that it is by no means so well as with us in America—five sixths, however, read and write, says Mr. Fellenberg—but such farms, and such houses, all along, uninterrupted for fifty miles together, are not to be seen in *our* country, nor, I doubt, in any other.

These very farms and houses, indeed, it is to be

said, full as they are of everything else, bear but slender evidence of social and intellectual improvement. Women, in great numbers, are everywhere at work in the fields, employed in the hardest, coarsest, and most offensive labours. These stupendous houses, too—I cannot believe they would be all just alike—all built with these wide-spreading, darkening roofs—all sheltering under one roof, men, women, and children, pigs, poultry, horses, oxen, cows, hay, corn, carts, carriages, and a world of things beside—unless it were that these are people going on just as their fathers have gone on, and just as their neighbours go on, without an intelligent thought of improvement.

In coming to Neufchatel, we intended to turn aside and visit the Lake Bienne; but it rained; and rain and clouds make a dismal thing of a lake.

YVERDUN (September 20) is at the bottom of the Lake Neufchatel. Some Roman monuments have been dug up here; and we saw a small collection back of the castle. This castle was the seat of Pestalozzi's school; a more worthy employment, certainly, of an ancient baronial residence, than that of Grandson, three miles back, which is turned into a tobacco manufactory.

This last sentence, by-the-by, is a pretty large text; for, in the first place, I have to observe,

apropos, that tobacco is cultivated on all the route we have taken on the Continent; and it is smoked to an enormous extent. At home, abroad, travelling, lying by, labouring, visiting, I had almost said eating, drinking, everywhere, and for ever, the people are smoking. Nothing is more common than to see young fellows on the top of a German diligence, at the stopping places, discharging the refuse cargo of ashes from pipes, which hold, I verily believe, nearly half a pint of tobacco, and then reloading, lighting, and going on their way, as if they meant to signalize their passage through the world by a trailing cloud of tobacco smoke. Verily, if the ancient heroes had been smokers at this rate, they would not have needed any protection from Venus or Juno, to screen them from observation. We have met with a great many young men, walking over Switzerland, with knapsacks on their backs and, almost as uniformly, pipes in their hands. Indeed, the sale of pipes in the cities and villages is a considerable business. Be it observed, however, that the pipe on the Continent is a very different thing from the humble clay manufacture of our country. The bowl is made of porcelain, the stem of whalebone, one, two, or three feet long, ornamented, too, with tassels, and much wrought, to give it graceful

bends, &c. All this being considered, let the pain and horror be proportionably lessened, that the Castle of Grandson, which sent forth knights to the crusades—on whose battlements brave men fought, and from whose balconies fair ladies looked forth upon the broad sheet of Neufchatel—whose last prince and possessor in the family line (Otho) was so celebrated in chivalry, that he won the affections of the fair lady of Gerard d'Estavayer, living on the opposite shore of the lake, and was by her husband slain in judicial combat in 1139—that the Castle of Grandson, I say, should be a tobacco manufactory! Better make pipes than lances; better light them, than the match for the fusee; better send up the curling, vanishing smoke—that touching emblem of the frailty of human life—than violently to destroy human life!

My second observation is, that from Castle Grandson, Charles the Bold of Burgundy went forth to the battle, in which he was first defeated by the Swiss.

This conflict of Charles with the Swiss, is one which both history and romance have made interesting. As we approached that part of the country, therefore, where I knew the battle took place, I put my head out of the carriage window, and desired Auguste, the courier, to inquire about some

of the neighbouring localities, Giez especially, a village which is described as near by. He asked the people in a field at work ; but they seemed to know nothing about Giez. I was about sitting down in despair, when I told Auguste to ask an old man in the field, if he knew where the battle field of Charles the Bold of Burgundy was. This seemed more intelligible. "Ici ! ici !" exclaimed the old man, pointing all around him. We were quickly out of the carriage, and on the ground. What could be more fortunate for marvel-hunters ? The passing plough had just laid open a grave ! A little excavation had been made ; and by the side of it lay a pile of human bones in the last stages of decay !

This battle was fought in 1476, more than three centuries ago ; but I believe that the records of our own Indian burying grounds, show that it is not at all unlikely that human bones should be preserved in the earth, for such a length of time. I had observed, too, that Simond says that fragments of arms were still found occasionally upon this field. Here, then, before me, I could not doubt, were solemn relics of that fierce and fearful encounter. These naked, decayed, marrowless bones stood up, one day, on this very field, a living and breathing man, to breast the shock of battle—

yea, stood and fought, perhaps, side by side, with Charles the Bold.

GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 22. From Yverdon, we have come here by Lausanne, and the Lake of Geneva.

At Lausanne we visited the house of Gibbon; went out upon the grounds—the fine esplanade, commanding a beautiful view of the lake, where he was accustomed to walk; visited the garden where he wrote the last sentence of his *History of the Decline and Fall*, and made the reflections which are recorded in his autobiography.

At Copet, a few miles from Geneva, we went up, while the horses were changing, and saw the chateau of M. Neckar, where his daughter, Madame de Stael, had lived, and which is still in a branch of the De Stael family. The grounds back of the chateau are beautiful—a delightful level spot, with winding walks, and clumps of trees and shrubbery. In a ground opposite, full of trees, is the cemetery, where sleep the remains of the father and daughter, after a life, spent, much of it, in the sight of Europe and the world. The ground is private, and we were not permitted to go into it. The chateau is just above the village of Copet, and commands a view of the lake.

It is a charming ride upon the lake, all the way

from Lausanne, (forty miles,) and the appearance of the people, everywhere, and especially at Geneva, has given me more pleasure far, than anything of the kind, since we came to the Continent. There is more intelligence apparent, and far more ease of condition. Women with delicate countenances, and gentlemen at leisure, are seen walking everywhere, on the beautiful promenades that skirt the lake.

The environs of Geneva are richer in scenery than those of any town I have seen, except Edinburgh. I have walked an hour or two to-day, on the south side of the city. It is Sunday, and one of the loveliest days of autumn—and though the brightness of heaven and earth is touched with the sadness which sad news bringeth—yet it is only softened and hallowed—it is bright still. I have found it good to

“Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature’s teachings ;
While from all around, earth and her waters,
Comes a solemn voice : ‘ Yet a few days,
And *thee* the all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course.’ ”

CHAPTER XI

Excursion to Chamouni and Mont Blanc—Genevese Society and Manners—Scenery of the Lake of Geneva—Travelling with Vetturino—Chillon—Upper Valley of the Rhone—Sion—The Simplon Road—Scenery of the Simplon—Lake Maggiore.

AT nine o'clock, on the twenty-third of September, we left Geneva in a char-a-banc for St. Martins, on the way to Chamouni. The road is, most of the way, in a valley, and through one of these glorious mountain passes. It is much of the way by the river Arve, which, taking its origin in the Col de Balme, above Chamouni, falls into the river Rhone, just below Geneva. The valley, most of it in Savoy, is not very highly cultivated, and has not the verdure and beauty of some of the Swiss valleys. The people and their villages look miserable. This is one of the regions of the Alps where the disease named *goitre* exists. It is a large excrescence in front of the neck, appearing like a wen. It is found in females mostly, if not entirely.

I did not see it but in one man. The cause of this singular disorder, affecting, except to an inconsiderable extent, no other quarter of the world, is not well settled. Some physicians ascribe it to the air, and others to the water of these regions. I could almost believe that it is sympathy that propagates it; for the sight of it has made my own neck feel strangely all day.

The mountain barriers on each side of this pass have a variety, wildness, and grandeur not inferior, perhaps, to the valley of Lauterbrannen. At Balme—where, by-the-by, a diminutive piece of artillery is fired off, for a franc, that travellers may hear the echoes—are some extensive caverns, said to be interesting, but we had not time for them. There is a collection of water within, (from springs, I suppose,) which finds vent on the mountain side, a quarter of a mile distant, in a very pretty waterfall, eight hundred feet high. Three or four cascades, indeed, appear by the roadside in the same valley, of from five to seven hundred feet in height; but none of them have a sufficient body of water to make them anything more than *petites curiosities*.

The range of Mont Blanc had been in sight all day, its summits crowned with snow; but it was not till we approached St. Martins that Mont

Blanc himself rose before us. The masses of snow appear to be larger than on Jungfrau and the Eigers. We were in time to see the last rays of the setting sun fade away upon the pinnacle, nearly an hour after he had set to us in the valley.

On the twenty-fourth, we left St. Martins at six o'clock, for Prieuré in the valley of Chamouni. The pass up into the valley has all the wildness that I expected to see in Switzerland; a tremendous gorge, through which the Arve tumbled and roared, sometimes five hundred feet almost in a perpendicular descent beneath us; stupendous rocks and mighty fragments of mountains, looking as if they were hurled down by the hand of an earthquake; the thick clothing of fir trees, whose foliage scarcely relieves the rugged features of rock and precipice, while it lends to everything a character more sombre and stern; the deep shadows of the early morning lying upon some parts, and its brightest splendours falling upon others—these are the things that might be brought into a picture, but I have no time to draw a picture.

The valley of Chamouni certainly has disappointed me, and I wonder that some traveller could not have said that it is, in itself, nothing very remarkable. Chamouni — Chamouni — we have heard of it so long and so much, and the word, too,

sounds so sweetly, that we naturally expect something extraordinary. Yet, in truth, it is quite inferior to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, which, as valleys, we scarcely ever hear named.

We arrived at Prieuré at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and immediately prepared to ascend to some point of the surrounding mountains, from which to see, to the best advantage, Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace—the largest of the glaciers. We chose Mont Flégère; and ascended to a point, probably three or four thousand feet high. From this point, not only are Mount Blanc and the neighbouring pinnacles well seen, but a number of glaciers; fourteen in all, it is said, are in view. And now, if I could say that these glaciers were stupendous mirrors, in which the mountains are reflected, it would doubtless be presenting a picture of unequalled splendour and sublimity. But alas! nothing could be farther from the truth. A glacier resembles anything but a mirror. Its surface is rough, ridged, and covered with rocks, stones, and dirt. This, at least, is the appearance in autumn. The finest thing about the glaciers—unless it be the stupendous mass crowding down into the verdant valley—is the shooting up of the ice into innumerable pyramids and pinnacles; and this appearance is most beautiful, not in the Mer

de Glace, but in the Glacier de Boisson, lying west of it.

But if the glaciers disappointed us, Mont Blanc, with his attendant pinnacles, shooting up into the clear sky, one of them, a single cone, rising, I should think, from its base three thousand feet—Mont Blanc, too, with his vastness of breadth and grandeur of elevation, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty feet* from the valley of Chamouni, and with the radiant fields of snow upon his head, could not well be said to disappoint expectation. Nevertheless, and after all, Jungfrau and the Great Eiger struck me more.

Mr. Simond says, referring to the weather, that "Alp hunting, like other hunting, is occasionally subject to disappointments." The remark, surely, has had no application to us on this excursion. On the twenty-fourth, particularly, we had such a sky as I have not seen before in Europe, as I never saw surpassed in America, nor do I look for anything more glorious in Italy. Such splendid transparency, such awful serenity, such unfathomable depths of ether, such heavens indescribable, seem to me the fit element in which sublime mountain heights should appear, to give the fullest and fittest

* Fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

impression. The evening, too, spread the light of a full moon upon the mountains; and here were all objects—snowy peak, bare, sharp pinnacle, the deep gorge, the dark fir grove, the bristling glacier, the imbosomed valley—everything of majestic scenery, that could make such a night fit close to such a day. Surely, no fire from heaven, nor altars built with hands, could be needed by him who came to worship here. It was one of those seasons of life, when you are silent all the day long and can scarcely sleep at night, from the burden and pressure of thoughts that can find neither utterance nor repose.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth we left Chamonix, on our return to Geneva. Perhaps it would not be possible that any contrasts in light and shade should surpass those which were presented in the panorama of mountains that we left behind us. In the distance, lay the snowy range of Mont Blanc, beneath the dazzling splendours of the morning, and there was brightness; nearer and on the left lay mountains covered with fir, which the morning ray had not touched, and there was darkness; on the right were hills, partly cultivated, partly wooded, on which streamed the rich light of early day, and there was beauty.

It is not strange, perhaps, but it is a curious fact,

that this secluded and delightful spot was, ages ago, the resort of Roman refugees from the persecutions of the state. In and about Passy, a village in the valley below Chamouni, have been found votive altars, with inscriptions, and ruins of villas, showing that it was a place of residence as well as retreat.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth we returned to Geneva, well tired, but well satisfied, and here we have taken up our abode for a few days.

My chamber at the Hotel de l'Ecu de Geneve, looks out upon the Lake of Geneva, and upon the "arrowy Rhone," as it darts forth from the full and placid bosom of waters that pour themselves out into this—shall I not say—most beautiful of all rivers. I do not mean its banks, on which I have not been; but the stream itself, broad, deep, and so clear that every pebble is seen upon the bottom, and rushing forth, a stream of emerald, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The lake, indeed, though fifty miles long, and ten broad, is in a sort, like many of the lakes in Switzerland, but an expansion of the river; the Rhone watering a rich and extensive country before it enters the lake. What gives the peculiar green colour to the lakes and rivers which are fed by the high Alps, I do not know; but I think it must be something in the

bosom of the mountains, some ore or earth—since I have observed it in many of the streams, very high up towards their sources, and especially in those that issue from the glaciers. For although these streams last mentioned have a milky appearance, as I have somewhere said, yet they are also distinctly tinged with green.

As we are passing a week here, my notes will adventure a step further than is usual into society.

We called yesterday upon M. Sismondi, introduced by a letter from Dr. Channing. Madame Sismondi was very ill, and we saw the celebrated historian of politics and literature but half an hour. What services our friends do us, without intending it! A miniature likeness of Miss Sedgwick, with her own autograph beneath it, hung upon the wall. It was a voice, in a far land, from my own Berkshire home. M. Sismondi is extremely interesting both in person and conversation—in both, full of dignity, intelligence, and graceful ease and kindness. I was much struck with an observation of his upon the effects of the Catholic and Protestant religions. Joining his hands together, and interlacing his fingers, he said, "There are cantons of Switzerland interlocked in this manner, and when the road carries you across the points of intersec-

tion, you might know in the darkest night, by the state of the roads, by the very smell of the country, which is Catholic and which is Protestant."

Afterward we went to see the collections, in natural history, of M. de Luc. Those things always weary me; but so did not the man. How rare it is to find such a person in America—surrounded by bones and fossils, stuffed animals and birds, skeletons and shells! By-the-by, the collections of our friends in New-Bedford could help him much, in the department of conchology; but then theirs are in elegant cabinets, and have not the learned dust upon them.

M. de Luc has a great horror of priestly domination, and gave us this pretty extraordinary fact. In St. Jervais, not far hence up among the mountains, (of Savoy, I think,) is a bathing establishment, for the use of mineral waters. The keeper of the house had collected for the entertainment of his visitors a miscellaneous library of about a thousand volumes. Last summer, in his absence, two Jesuit priests visited the establishment, looked over the library, took almost the entire body of it, and burned it on the spot.

SEPTEMBER 30. We have made some very delightful visits here, to the *pasteurs*, and one to Dr. Coindet, a very interesting old physician. Dr.

C. has a great number of autographs of celebrated men; one of Francis I., one of Louis IX.—think of it!—also of Mirabeau, Carnot, Robespierre; of John Calvin, too, and some letters of Rousseau. I read a few of these letters, and found them to contain some of those extraordinary declarations which he was wont to make, about the Scriptures. One of them to M. Vernes, pasteur of Geneva, says, “I believe in the Gospel. It is the most interesting of all writings. When all other books weary me, I turn to it, with ever fresh delight. When the miseries of life press upon me, I resort to it for consolation.” Dr. C. gave us his opinion, that goitre and critinism, those shocking diseases of some portions of the Alps—the first consisting of swellings in the neck, and the last of the whole body—were owing to the water of the country; and says that the cure of them, as well as of most scrofulous disorders, is *iodine*.

We have dined very pleasantly with considerable parties at M. Neville’s and M. Cheneviere’s, pasteurs of Geneva. Cheneviere, you know, is considered as very pre-eminent here, if not at the head of the pasteurs; but it is not easy nor agreeable to speak of distinctions, where such men are to be found as Munier and Cellerier.

I wish you could see something of these French

manners. They are so easy, so amiable, so affectionate; so entirely free from all formality and affectation. The master and mistress are not stationed in one spot, nor do they receive company with a stiff bow or courtesy; nor at dinner are they fixtures at the table, nailed down to their chairs. For instance, M. —, seeing that bread is wanted, gets up and passes it around the table himself. And this not because he wants servants; but neither of the servants at the moment happened to be present. Those awkward appendages which we wear—shoulders, arms, hands, legs—they seem to use as parts of themselves—they seem to have no consciousness of them, any more than they have of their lungs.

I wish you could have seen the manner in which Madame — and Madame — met; the kiss and the kiss again, as if the first was not enough to satisfy the heart; and the thousand little tenderesses of behaviour that passed during the evening. I wish, too, that you could see the manners of all these people towards us, strangers as we are. They take the heart by a *coup de*—what shall I say?—*d'œil, de main, de*—everything that is irresistible. It is affection—simple, self-forgetting, all-conquering affection. When shall we see such manners in America? When shall kindness—con-

fiding, free, overflowing—disembarrass, unchain, disenchant society among us, from reserve, awkwardness, and suffering?

OCTOBER 1. To-day an entire change has taken place in our plans in consequence of intelligence received of the illness of Mr. —'s son in London. My companions will return to London, and I shall proceed to Italy alone.

The sympathy of our Genevese friends for Mr. —, is a most delightful expression of their character. All of them look and speak as if they made the disappointment and the anxiety their own. M. —, a fine-looking youth among the pasteurs, came in, and when he took leave of Mr. —, said, "I hope—your son—" and then, his knowledge of English failing—what do you think he did? Why, he just put his face to Mr. —'s, and kissed his cheek. That was the way he eked out the sentence; and it was so simple, so natural, so entirely the impulse of the heart, that it was beautiful. It was very touching; perhaps it might be said it was too much so. But, I think, in the ordinary intercourse of life, that it is the artificial, affected, overstrained expression of feeling that we dislike. I allow that there are extraordinary exigences where the truest strength and delicacy of feeling are shown in self-restraint, or

the restraint, rather, of expression. But this was not such a case, and the act was very simple, and not very exciting.

The Genevese institutions form a very interesting subject of inquiry. I must note some particulars without being able to expand them. The government, you know, is republican; the officers are a body of magistrates. Legislation is shared by a House of Deputies, consisting of two hundred and fifty members, who choose a Council of State, which chooses four syndics. The qualification for voting is *birth* in the canton, and a condition above service—or else, for foreigners, a *purchase* of the privilege; and it costs, according to the means of the purchaser, fifty guineas and upward. The city has thirty thousand inhabitants; the whole canton, sixty thousand.

There is an established religion here of very moderate creed, mild discipline, and simple forms. There are four very large churches, for fifteen parishes, in which fifteen pasteurs officiate in turn—i. e. in the churches—while each one has a particular parish for his charge. They preach once in two or three weeks, and their salaries are proportionate—from fifty to one hundred pounds sterling. In addition to this, the pasteurs are

almost all teachers of youth, professors in the Academy of Geneva, instructors in families, &c.

The children of Geneva are mainly educated alike. Madame C—— told me that the daughters of the poorest man in Geneva are as thoroughly educated as her own. And this is always done at home, and principally by the mother. The boys are sent to the academy, and carried up in it, to the completion of a finished and even professional education.

The system of religious instruction for the youth here, by the pasteurs, seems to be most admirable. Children are taken at an early age, and regularly carried up through regular courses of religious instruction, admonition, and laborious effort to give them right impressions, till they are brought to the communion. The consequence is that almost every adult person, of any respectability, connected with the national church, is a professor of religion.

For further accounts of Geneva, I refer you to the last part of Simond's second volume on Switzerland. I am told here by those who were his particular friends, that his accounts, especially of Genevese society, may be relied on; the rather as Madame Simond was a lady of this city.

I should think the danger here would be that of

contraction—for Geneva is a world by itself, and a small world. But I saw nothing to justify the apprehension. And I am sure that I have no desire to make abatements from the most favourable account. The manner in which I have been received and treated, and the delightful adieus with which I have been dismissed, have left an impression upon my mind never to be effaced.

LAUSANNE, OCTOBER 2. To-day I have come from Geneva, on the way to Milan. It has been a fine day for a ride along the lake. Lord Byron has justly addressed it by the epithets, "clear, placid Leman!" It has been so clear and calm to-day, that not only the clouds and mountains, but every swell and seam of the mountain's side, and every hue of sky and cloud, has been perfectly reflected. Can it be that the enjoyment of nature—the *highest* enjoyment of it, is selfish? I have often asked myself the question; for in such states of mind, I always desire to be, if not alone, yet silent and undisturbed. I say to the question—surely not selfish; most entirely the reverse. But I am inclined to think that the deepest communion with nature, implies a feeling for the time so profound, and absorbing too, that it can bear no jar, nor diversion from its object. It is as when you listen to the highest music, or eloquence, you can-

not bear a movement or a whisper that disturbs your attention.

The views of the lake and mountains in and about Lausanne are uncommonly fine. When we arrived at the hotel, the landlord, as if he knew what I wanted, said, "I will give you a room where you can see the lake." I took my station by the open window, and desired tea to be brought me there; that I might lose none of the flitting shadows and changing colours that were passing in succession over the bosom of the waters. And I scarcely remember to have seen as many varieties of hue and shade as passed here in the half hour after the sun went down, behind a dark cloud in the west.

How little of that which is within, and sometimes "most within" us, ever finds expression in any words or writings! If I were to tell, here upon this open page, what my thoughts were, as I gazed upon the expanse of waters, and upon the dark mountains beyond, while the veils of the waning twilight fell slowly over the sky and the stars looked forth upon the scene, as if they had been living witnesses—I should feel as if it were like praying "at the corners of the streets."

MARTIGNY, OCTOBER 3. This town is in the canton of Valais, and up the valley of the Rhone,

i. e. from the Lake of Geneva, eight hours' ride, with vetturino.

As I have mentioned this mode of conveyance, and am myself using it from Geneva to Milan, I will say a word further about it. Vetturino is a long word, and a foreign word, and sounds as if it might describe something quite respectable. Moreover, the phrase, "with vetturino," describes a mode of travelling in *Italy*. He who has travelled with vetturino, has been in the enchanted land. So the word has always stood in my mind for something very romantic and *recherché*. But nothing could be less so in fact. The vehicle is as good as a third-rate stage coach, and no better. It is drawn by two horses, without relays, and travels but thirty miles a day. However, it is a good way enough for seeing the country, which the diligence and the mail coach are not, as they travel all night. And besides, you may lay aside all care,* for you may engage with your vetturino, (i. e. the driver,) to take you, say from Geneva to Milan, for a gross sum—(six Napoleons, twenty-four dollars)—he carrying you, taking care of your baggage, providing and paying for your meals and lodging, and setting you down at Milan, in six days and a half.

* That depends, I found afterward, on the character of the vetturino, and the traveller had better look after his baggage.

But enough of vetturini—who, by-the-by, are a set of fellows that will probably cheat you if they can, in the bargain—(mine *asked* twice as much as he took)—who are so civil before setting out, that they will pull off their hat in the street, if they chance to see you in the fourth story of your hotel, but who, if you stay a moment too long to look at waterfall or a chateau, will be murmuring “*Sacre ! diable !*” under their breath, as if the natural play of their lungs was a sort of cursing ; and who would probably foam at the mouth, if the *bonne main* should prove less than they expected. I say the *bonne main*, i. e. the civility money, or the money for civility—for be it observed, that no bargain for anything to be done for you, in Europe, was ever final. There are always appendages upon appendages. You hire a conveyance to a certain place. Well, you pay, of course, for the vehicle and the horses, and for being driven—that you expected. But that is not all. You pay the postilion, on his own account ; and you pay him something more because he has driven you well, i. e. has not broken your neck ; and you pay him that he may be further civil to you, by drinking your health ; and you pay the tolls at the gates ; and you pay a man who opens the door of your carriage, if he can find any apology for doing it ; and

you pay a boy who put the shoe under the wheel at the top of a hill ; and you pay as many beggars as you please, for their good wishes—their “ Bon voyage !” or their “ Lord bless your honour !”

The head of the Lake of Geneva, which I passed around this morning, is more picturesque than the lower part about the city of Geneva. The mountains are rugged and wild ; the soft and dark shadowing of the morning upon them, made them appear so much like masses of clouds in the horizon, that it was difficult at times to resist the impression ; the slight haze of autumn upon them, gave a singular distinctness and delineation to the sun's rays as they streamed in through the cragged pinnacles and deep defiles ; and the reflection of all this scenery in the darkened mirror of waters was so distinct, that it seemed as if the world depicted below, were not the counterpart of that above, but the very reality. Really I do not attempt to describe, as thinking I shall convey any clear impression to you, but to assist my own recollection. But truly, what a thing—what an element is *water*—and what scene can be complete, or anything near complete, without it ? What images of repose and purity are like its stillness and its transparent depth ; and what life is there, in all nature, like that which goes forth upon its

touched and tremulous bosom ? But the waters and the mountains are not the only things : for the shore also, about the head of the lake, is full of wild and romantic scenery.

I visited, in passing, the Castle of Chillon, most beautifully situated on this shore, near Villeneuve. It has deep dungeons, into which we looked from above. We went into that where Bonnivard, the Genevese advocate of freedom, was confined by the Duke of Savoy, for six years, and saw the ring in the stone pillar which held the prisoner's chain, and the place worn in the stone by the ring, as he passed to and fro, in his confined walk. Lord Byron has celebrated him. We saw the name of Byron carved on one of the neighbouring pillars. I asked the guide "Who did it?" She said "Himself."

The valley of the Rhone, for some miles above the lake, is one of the most delightful I have seen in Switzerland ; and farther up towards Martigny, though the valley itself is less interesting, and the horrors of criticism begin to appear, yet the "munitions of rocks," the mountain barriers are very grand and stupendous ; rising sometimes perpendicularly from the road, two or three thousand feet, and cutting the sky, so that it has the singular appearance of a single quarter of a hollow

sphere. Near Martigny is a very beautiful waterfall,* with much the largest column of water that I have seen in any of these cascades among the mountains.

Speaking of horrors—I was considerably moved for some moments, to-day, with “the horrors of the last,” as I took my last look of the beautiful Lake of Geneva; but I must confess that I was soon comforted with the reflection, that it was *seen*—that the object was accomplished—that there was so much more done and finished—so much less to do. A miserable state of mind, perhaps, with which to go through Europe; nevertheless, it is mine.

OCTOBER 4. I am for the night at—I know not, and I care not, what miserable little village; on the way to the Simplon. The valley of the Rhone above Martigny grows narrow, barren, and desolate; the mountains are so bald and bleak, that I am almost tired of mountains; and the signs of poverty, and the horrors of cretinism, multiply upon us. These horrors, and almost all others, are consummated at Sion, a small town upon the Rhone. It is surrounded by walls, with towers; was formerly a Roman station; has a cathedral, and is the residence of a bishop; and is still more notable for the ruins of three old castles, situated

* Pissevache, two hundred and eighty feet, says Ebel.

on the rocky heights to the northeast of it. I had an hour and a half of leisure here, and spent it in walking about. I did indeed "walk about Sion, and told the towers thereof," but surely with no feelings akin to the admiration challenged for Jerusalem, the beauty of the earth. If the Romans ploughed up the foundations of the holy place, they have left foundations here to worse desecration: massive walls of houses, that look as if they might have stood since the masters of the world reigned here, and old gateways, fit to have been the entrances to courtyards and palaces—but the streets are bemired with filth, and the gateways lead to stables. But the chief horrors of this place, and indeed of the whole upper valley, are goitre and cretinism. The former I have spoken of, but it exists here in more shocking forms; and half of the female population are afflicted with it. The *cretin*, is swollen in the whole body—dwarfed in stature usually—crippled in the limbs—idiotic in countenance—the eyes near together—the mouth large—the being, in fine, coming nearer to an animal than anything I ever saw in human shape. In short, there is a mass of population in this upper valley, the sight of which would be enough to make the fairest scene in the whole world painful to look upon and hateful to remember.

As we came up the valley, we passed by the gorge that leads up to the baths of Leuk, or Loueche, and to Mount Gemmi. The ascent looked frightfully inviting; and, indeed, this is the only further excursion in Switzerland that I had a special desire to make; but I must pass it by.

SIMPLON, OCTOBER 5. The Simplon road is a wonderful work; but I am too uncomfortable to write much about it. It is very cold up here, though it was hot enough at the foot of the mountain, and—I was just going to say that, I could have no fire in my chamber because the chimney would smoke; when in comes *ma bonne*, the fille de chambre, and says it is all a mistake, and sets to making things comfortable. So now, what a flood will be poured out upon you, from this thaw of my room, and my heart; and my fingers, you can no more tell, than these Swiss peasants, what streams will come down their mountains in spring.

I was going to say some dismal word or two, about this village of Simplon, and the hotel—an hour's ride from the top of the mountain on the side of Italy; but really this fire waxes warm, and I have not a heart for it. As to the cold, we have been riding for some hours amid snowy peaks, on some of which the snow was descending, while

the vapour that curled around others looked cold, and chilly, and benumbed—together making an appearance enough in unison with the state of the atmosphere, and sufficient to account for it. I wonder the trees *grow* here ; but they do grow—the hemlocks, larches, and firs fill the defiles and gorges along which the Simplon road comes, and obstinately push far up the mountain precipices and peaks ; yes, and men grow here, and clamber and cling wherever (I had almost said) the chamois can leap, or the eagle fly ; they grow, and their houses grow, and multiply, on steep declivities to which one would think they could hardly hold on, and seemingly inaccessible patches, where, the wonder is, that they ever got, or getting, ever find their way back to the world. Yet so they live—a hardy race, and, I believe, simple and innocent. I could not help breathing my blessing upon them, as I fixed my eye for some moments upon the last green spot of Switzerland about Brieg—and mingling prayers for them with my regrets that I shall probably never see Swiss valley or mountain more.

The Simplon road is everywhere an easy ascent, cut out with immense labour and expense from the side of the mountain, and sometimes passing, by what are called galleries, through the very brow of the mountain. Along the summit are nine

houses of refuge, substantially built, and occupied for the purpose of providing shelter and relief for travellers, in the storms that, of course, in winter, rage here with great violence. In addition to this provision, an immensely large convent is erected for the residence of monks, who are to consider themselves as pledged to these offices of mercy. It is a problem worthy of attention, why the Roman Catholic religion furnishes more examples of *extraordinary* exertions and sacrifices, than any other form of Christianity. It is a problem; but I cannot discuss it here, on the top of the mountains. I may find time and inclination on some journalizing day, to enter into a discussion of this and other moral claims of the Roman Catholic system.

BAVENA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE, OCTOBER 6. I feel that I am approaching the mighty land, the ultima Thule of my pilgrimage; I am on the south side of the Alps—but to turn back to the route.

I thought it quite unfortunate as I rose this morning, that the day was overcast with clouds, and threatened rain; but the bright, fantastic mists that floated around the tops of the mountains soon presented aspects that afforded compensation for the want of a clear sky. Indeed, I had not seen

the Alps before, under these aspects ; for at Grindelwald it was a close and heavy veil that settled down upon them. But here nothing could be more light and airy. There was no wind sensible to us below, and it seemed as if the mist were moved by some power within itself. Now it sailed along with a majestic sweep around the mountain's brow ; then it plunged down into some profound abyss, as if, like the furies, it bore a victim to the dark prison below ; and again it rose up, disclosing, but shadowing, the awful depths—as it were the foundations of the world. Other clouds floated along the mountain sides, attracting, repelling, passing and repassing, mingling and parting, like the skirmishing forces of an army ; and sometimes meeting, they held a momentary conflict, and then mounting up, carried the aerial war into the region of clouds—unveiling, at the same time, some stupendous precipice, dark and awful, as if it had been blasted and blackened by the thunder of heaven.

But it is useless to try to describe, and I wonder that I renew my efforts and failures. Let us come to the road ; it is terra firma, and it can be measured—and yet not exactly described neither. It is fourteen or fifteen leagues long, (i. e. thirty or

forty miles,) and twenty-five feet broad, and descends generally about six or seven feet in a hundred; and was made in four years, (having been commenced in 1801,) and employed three thousand men, and required one hundred and fifty thousand quintals of powder for blasting, and cost, I know not how much—I have heard it said to be eight millions of crowns—and finally the expense was borne jointly by Bonaparte and the Italian states. So that it is Bonaparte's road only as he projected it, and by his energy and influence, caused it to be carried through. The road this side of the mountain is, in the engineering required and the scenery displayed, far more striking than that on the side of Switzerland. It passes by, and under, and through the most tremendous precipices, among roaring cascades, and over ravines and gorges that seem unfathomable; the passage is one of such horrors as I have not seen anywhere else in Switzerland; the vistas, the depths, the heights—everything above, beneath, before, behind, and around you, is marked with stupendous and awful grandeur; the rocks that lie around you, and which have fallen from the precipices, leave all others to be stones or pebbles in the comparison—and yet you are carried along this road,

and through all these objects so sublime, and almost frightful—carried as easily and smoothly as if you were taking an airing in Regent's Park. The passage is completed at the grand bridge of Crevola, where you enter one of the beautiful valleys of Piedmont, and through it come down to the Lake Maggiore.

It is singular, but the moment you reach the vineyards, on the south side of the Alps, you find a totally different style of cultivation. On the north side, and indeed all along up the Rhine, vineyards look precisely like nurseries—nurseries, say, of maple trees, for that is the shape of the leaf—about three or four feet high: and nothing, certainly, can be less picturesque than such a vineyard. But here the vines run upon frames, with green grass beneath, and present the appearance of a whole country of arbours. It is, of course, far more beautiful. By-the-by, the only tolerable grapes I have tasted since I came to the Continent, I bought yesterday, in coming up the Simplon. They have been, with other fruit, upon our table every day, and every day I have tasted of them, and that is all. Indeed, the ripening season has been very cold, and unfavourable for all fruit. Yet so impossible do these people think it to make a

dinner without fruit, that if they raised nothing but apples of Sodom, I believe they would make you up a dessert of them.

On the seventh, before sunrise, I was on Lake Maggiore, with two chance fellow-travellers, to visit the islands of Madre and Bella. The first is laid out as a garden and pleasure ground, and is with the views from it—openings to which are left through the trees—very picturesque. Yet a neighbouring mountain, clothed with heaven's beauty—the air—was more than all that the art of man can do.

His art, by-the-by, has been very poorly exerted on Bella—in the person of the Borromeo family, to whom this lake, and an extensive country about it belongs—for Bella (the beautiful) is made by terraces, rising one above another, and lessening towards the top, to look very much like a Chinese pagoda. We went over the palace, which is filled with paintings that seemed to me, with the exception of a Cleopatra, miserable. But there was one thing that really made the spot worth visiting; and that was the basement story, consisting of a very extensive suite of rooms, finished in the grotto style—a sort of mosaic work in pebbles and shells, covering the floors and ceilings, and sides indeed,

except where a slab of marble was here and there inlaid. These apartments open by window-doors, upon the very water of the lake, inviting every breath of air, and with seats around, looked as if they might be the very retreats of pleasure, in a warm climate.

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